

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1813

FEBRUARY 2, 1907

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THE LITERARY WEEK

ONE of the noteworthy events of the week is the appointment of Mr. H. W. Massingham to be Editor of our contemporary *The Speaker*. Mr. Massingham is a brilliant and able journalist, and it is a pleasure to be able to congratulate him on the appointment. He has, since his emergence from provincial life at Norwich, held many positions and discharged many duties with marked capacity. No doubt, therefore, he will add to the distinctions of the periodical that was started by the late Sir Wemyss Reid.

Yet it would be idle to hide certain misgivings. To an impartial onlooker who is inclined to say "A plague on both your houses" and does not profess to hold any political opinions with vehemence, it seems that one reason why many political journals that have been conducted with great ability have not been truly successful is that the editors have been much too partisan. The standing example of a new paper that succeeded without even giving news or using any of the adventitious aids to popularity now commonly employed is the *Saturday Review* of the 'sixties.

Its Editor, Douglas Cook, was able, if he held any deep convictions, to keep them in check. The journal was professedly Conservative, and yet its most biting sarcasms were directed against the leaders of the Conservative party. Nor did the Editor attempt to show only one side of the question. On a matter of finance he was as keen to have Mr. Gladstone as a contributor as he was to have Lord Salisbury on a crisis in diplomacy. In other words he put his journal first and its political objects second. No succeeding Editor that we know of has been able with such conspicuous ability to steer an independent course through the shoals of politics.

Now Mr. Massingham, so far, has been an extreme partisan. In the position to which he is elected it devolves upon him to show that he can at the proper moment take a wide and critical view of a situation. There would be nothing extraordinary in the fact of his developing this faculty, as we see the same thing constantly done in another profession. Take, for example, an extremely able barrister. Probably during years of successful practice he has accustomed himself to argue one side of the case as though his existence depended upon it; yet when the time comes that he is elevated to the Bench the chances are that he will make a sound and impartial judge. His days of special pleading are ended, and he recognises it to be his duty to see both sides

of the case. It is our admiration of Mr. Massingham that prompts the hope that in the new position to which he is called he will be able to evolve those judicial qualities that would make his paper authoritative in the eyes of Conservatives as well as Liberals. He may very well take an example from the *Westminster Gazette*, which has succeeded in winning this respect without in the slightest degree surrendering its principles. But it must be admitted that the conditions of modern journalism militate against editorial independence.

A correspondent writes:—Professor Churton Collins, nearly five years ago, compared Swift and Rabelais, the perfectly refined and the grotesquely extravagant; now comes Signor Pietro Toldo, of Turin, who deepens the question of comparison and difference. Collecting points of similarity between Cyrano de Bergerac and Swift, he quotes Rohdes's "Erzählung des Odysseus bei Alcinoos (ist eine) älteste Robinsonade," which is, let us hope, unknown to Mr. Andrew Lang as the view of any mortal man! Goodwin's "Domingo Gonsalez," done into French in 1648 by Jean Baudoin, is the supposed source of both Cyrano and "Gulliver" (especially at Laputa).

"Sindbad the Sailor" is not alien from the Dean's work, all proportions being kept. "Le soleil de Londres n'a pas les mêmes rayons que celui de l'Orient." Gulliver's awakening in durance is Philostratus's Heracles among the Pygmies (*Icon*, II. xxii.), whom the Scots of Rabelais call *manches d'estrilles* (II. xxvii.), and whom the Bâle professor of anatomy lately mentioned in discussing the "missing link" of Dubois. We all know H. M. Stanley's and Dr. Schweinfurt's homunculi. Swift, unlike Rabelais, knew that measurements must be given if probability was to be attained. So we have the exact calculations of the smallest details, whereas the giant Pantagruel sits in his subjects' cottages without any apparent discomfort.

There are no minutiae, realism, *vraisemblance*, in the priest of Chinon. The priest of St. Patrick's has ever his compass and foot-rule. As tailors, or breeches-makers, nothing so careless as the former, nothing so curiously minute as the latter. Rabelais had read "Furioso," and Swift Rabelais; but the outcome of their respective mental crucibles is very disparate. Gulliver's fire-brigade exploit is from the "Ricciardetto" of Forteguerri (vi. 82 *segg.*) and a reminiscence of Gargantua at Paris. Lucian's "Menippus" (xix., 774) gave the idea of likening men to liliputians and to ants, or "Myrmidons." Erasmus, in his "Praise of Folly," had likened courtiers to wasps or gnats. To Liliput the "Civitas Solis" of Campanella is not unlike enough to repel a charge of borrowing. In each are punishments for ingratitude, lying, and such foibles; men march delicately through most pellucid air, as in Euripides's Athens; there are mixed schools for the sexes, as in Plato's "Republic" or in "Les Transatlantiques," which sexes "escono alla campagna, ove s'esercitano alla corsa," etc. The *archibugio* is more revered than the *archibugiardo*, instead of the contrary, as now. So Campanella inspired Cyrano and Cyrano Swift.

As we are all what the Coptic priest called the Hellenes, "children ever," but nowadays scientific grown-up children, we pine for explanations of our fairy hornbooks. Even Homer to Erwin Rohde is, we have seen, a Defoe, his Odysseus being Crusoe. Nearer us are Lucian—influenced by India—Rabelais, Cyrano, Swift. "Human nature," says my Lord Bacon, "is ever in appetite," demanding whence came these tales, what of truth do they embody? Mr. H. G. Wells for us, and M. C. Flammarion for the French, write what is "un genre bâtarde fondé sur des équivoques scientifiques," the best pabulum for our age, a link between youth and maturity.

Jules Verne's lucubrations have been more than once realised in practice. The *Nautilus*, for instance, has long left the brain for the main. For a savant, Verne lived in an "ante-chamber," almost in the chamber "of applied science." The creator of Phineas Fogg had seized, and always acted on, the truism that children, now especially, must have their tales probable: if the event portrayed did not happen, it must be such as could have happened.

And Swift is precisely the satirical humourist that at the same time owes much, perhaps the best, of his inspiration to Cyrano de Bergerac, and amuses best both children and adults. Proportion and tempered reasonableness are the qualities of the Travels. Even in proportion and reason the mean is kept. "The wit of Swift is the perfection of refined ingenuity," says Mr. Churton Collins. Rabelais is "drunk with animal spirits." For Herr Thierkopf, of Magdeburg, in the Dean's and Abbé's view, "ist . . . die ganz Welt ein Narrenhaus." This last word is terribly true of Swift, unless Sir William Wilde's contention of his sanity be upheld. At any rate, the *sæva indignatio* has never been denied, nor his perfect adaptability to the taste of at least two of man's Four Ages. While children take the obvious sense, the older infants among us seek at the same time the esoteric meaning and the sources. These latter the Turin scholar very fully and eruditely helps us to unearth.

A book by Madison Cawein, published by E. P. Dutton and Co., of New York, gives rise to a suggestion. Suppose its editor or publisher were to employ a clerk to go over it and delete the epithets mechanically, how vastly its literary merits would be improved! In order to show our meaning a passage is selected at random:

On a low fern-based rock—mossy shrine of the wood-god who has this particular forest under his protection—before which, like a candelabrum before an altar, burning with many silken flames of greenish gold, a young hickory lifted up its hundred pointed leaf-sheaths, and a paw-paw shook its sacramental bells of bronze—I laid an offering of wild flowers this last day of April.

Now mark how much better it would read after an application of the blue pencil:

On a rock before which a hickory lifted up its leaf-sheaths and a paw-paw shook its bells, I laid an offering of wild flowers this last day of April.

Sixty-four words are reduced to twenty-nine, and is not the improvement apparent? Nothing essential is lost.

Yet the author, as may be seen from the following extract, aspires to a certain kind of superiority:

How true is this of a great many of our suddenly successful writers, whose works meet with such overwhelming applause from the public, which is the vulgar, and reach such phenomenal sales. I never hear of a new book that everybody praises and recommends but that I am straightway suspicious of its literary merit and avoid reading it, feeling sure that the author has probably "committed some great blunder."

What are "phenomenal" sales?

It is such writing as this that has brought "prose poetry" into ridicule. Ten years ago there was a fashion for it in this country which has, luckily, passed away. The writers, many of whom are not without refinement, would be quick to recognise the vulgarity of a woman who tricked herself out with a multitude of false jewels, yet this prose, overloaded with epithet and sham ornament, is as vulgar and ill-bred as the wearer of paste diamonds.

Mr. Frederick Morgan Padelford has a curious article in the *Cornhill Magazine* entitled "Browning out West." From it we learn that the American youth takes much more readily to Browning than he does to Tennyson.

According to one student, to read Tennyson is "to be confined in a prim garden of heavy-scented flowers," while, on the other hand, looking "to the spirit and mystery of the poet and not to his teaching," it is said that they recognise in Browning a great elemental genius. The impression that one carries away from reading the article is that the American youth can have no real appreciation of poetry. Among other things it explains why America has not succeeded in developing a great poet.

The following characteristic letter has been written by M. Mistral in reply to the suggestion of MM. Paul Bourget and François Coppée that the Provençal poet should become a candidate for membership of the French Academy:

I am accustomed, like Simon Stylites, to stand isolated on my pillar, and if God should grant me four or five years more of life to finish my work, it would be unwise to rush over the ground. *Parva domus, magna quies* and the Academy is a large house! . . . My sole ambition has been to preserve the Provençal language and to do honour to my race, and this by means of poetry.

I have never had so much as a thought for my personal glory . . . everything has been added from outside—witness the proposal you make me now, as did my good friends Legouvé first and then Claretie, in bygone days.

Last week, at a meeting of the French Academy, it was announced that the following were candidates for the seat left vacant by the death of M. Ferdinand Brunetière: M. Pierre de Nolhac, who has written a history of the Court of Versailles; M. Edmond Haraucourt, M. Jules Delafosse, the senator, and M. Léon Séché. It is likely that other names will be added to this list. The election is fixed for Thursday, the 7th.

The Musée at Antwerp will be enriched under the will of the late Marquise Maison, of Paris, who was Belgian by birth, by the addition to its fine collection of the following valuable pictures, viz.: Van Dyck's Portrait of Charles II. as a child, a Christ by Duquesnoy, a seascape by Charles Vernet, and Slingeneyer's *Woman in a Bath*.

A correspondent writes:—By the sudden death of Miss Alice Oldham, B.A., the cause of the higher education of women has suffered a great loss, for there was no more zealous and indefatigable worker in Ireland than she was, from the days of the Intermediate Education Act to the day of her death. Miss Oldham was one of the earliest women graduates of an Irish University, obtaining first-class honours in Latin, and honours in Natural Science and in Logic and Ethics during her University career. She became a teacher and lecturer in Alexandra College in Dublin, and lectured on such subjects as "Egoism as a Principle of Ethical Conduct; its History and Position To-day," and "Some Modern Views of the Nature of Mind and their Practical Application." Miss Oldham, as honorary secretary of the Irish Schoolmistresses Association played a leading part in securing the opening of Dublin University to the women. Though in many respects a remarkably clever woman, she published little, devoting the greater part of her time to the cause she espoused.

We notice with interest that the Stage Society has developed the scope of the News Sheet which is sent out to every member before each performance. In the number which is lying before us, Mr. Grein writes an interesting little article which he calls "A Short History of the Independent Theatre." It appears that the basis of the Independent Theatre was laid in Holland: for it was at Amsterdam that *The Profligate* and *The Middleman* by Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones respectively, were first produced, owing to the persistent energy of Mr. Grien. So great was their success that the managers

of the Royal Subsidised Theatre sent Mr. Grein a cheque for fifty pounds for the furtherance of dramatic art in England. And so the Independent Theatre gradually came into being. Among the notable plays that were produced, are—George Bernard Shaw's first play, *Widowers' Houses*, Mr. George Moore's *The Strike at Arlingford*, a one-act play by Mr. Arthur Symonds, founded on a story by Mr. Frank Harris, and *The Black Cat* by Dr. Todhunter. But perhaps the most famous achievement was the production of *Ghosts* under the direction of Mr. Cecil Raleigh on March 9, 1891.

Any sign of exuberance, such as the extension of their little paper, is to be welcomed in a body so admirable as the Stage Society; for the work they have done is excellent and is only comparable in importance with the work that remains for them to do. And on this point of future work we notice that a pertinent letter has been written to the paper by Mr. Middleton Fox. "I think," he writes, "we are inclined to neglect (if I may be pardoned for coining another term) the *fantastic-poetic* drama." And he goes on to warn the society against the policy of producing too many censor-forbidden plays. "It will be fatal to us if we give any handle to the idea that we are a society for exploiting unpleasant and 'improper' plays. We cannot be too careful in limiting our liberty in this respect." That is very wisely said.

There are, we believe, some fifteen hundred members of the Stage Society, and we see that the Council of Management has decided that when the number of ordinary members on the register reaches sixteen hundred the list will be closed, and membership will become a matter of some difficulty. Meanwhile we would point out to our readers that they can obtain all particulars from the Secretary, 9 Arundel Street, Strand. The plays to be produced this season are *The Cassilis Engagement*, by Mr. St. John Hankin, Brieux's *Les Hanneçons*, an original comedy by a new writer, and *Don Juan in Hell*, which is the dream omitted from the acting version of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*.

Some interesting particulars of the discoveries made by Dr. Stein in the sand-buried ruins of Khotan, are given in the Indian papers. His first operations were at the great Stupa of Rawak, which he had partly excavated in the year 1900. On the last occasion he found a ruined temple on the Hanguya Tati, which yielded some interesting terra-cotta reliefs. Their style was plainly derived from models of Græco-Buddhist Art. The best results were obtained from a group of small ruined sites in the shrub-covered desert, not far from the village of Domoko, east of Khotan. In a Buddhist shrine at Khadalik, Dr. Stein recovered a large number of manuscripts in Sanskrit, Chinese, and the "unknown" language of old Khotan, besides many wooden tablets inscribed in the same language and some in Tibetan.

The same temple also furnished portions of a far older Sanskrit manuscript on birch-bark, no doubt imported from India. All these records dated from the eighth century or earlier. Apparently these towns were abandoned about that period. In a rubbish mound near the southern edge of the Domoko oasis were found documents in the Brahmi script of old Khotan and a large collection of Chinese records on wood, the latter dealing with questions of administration.

At a general assembly of Academicians and Associates, held on January 30, Mr. George Henry was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

LITERATURE

CRITICISM BY TESTIMONIAL

Thomas Edward Brown, the Manx Poet. By SELWYN G. SIMPSON. With a Preface by J. M. WILSON, D.D. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., 6s.)

IF the writer of a medical treatise were to begin his first chapter with a statement from one of Mother Seigel's advertisements the book would be instantly damned. The line between the qualified and the unqualified is drawn straight in medicine. With literature the case is different. Public approval is the only test of merit or authority, and though it be true that the addition of a million cyphers to one another gives only nought as the sum total, the verdict of the ignorant is a handy tool for the juggler. We are sorry to open our remarks on the Life of so worthy a poet and prose writer as the late Mr. T. E. Brown with an ungenerous comparison. Not on him is any reflection cast. On the contrary, our judgment coincides almost exactly with that expressed by Canon Wilson in the restrained and capable preface which he has contributed to this foolish book. He describes the characteristics of Brown with a sure and precise touch. His originality, his talent as a teller of stories, and his art, at once self-effacing and self-expressing, are the points most to be admired in Brown. But a great writer has no need of such testimonials as are huddled together in the following passage:

Great writers found him long ago. George Eliot wrote enthusiastically to Macmillan when "Betsy Lee" first appeared. Max Müller, to whom with others, when staying at the Maloja Hotel in 1885, I read "The Doctor," put it in his list of the hundred best books of the world. He borrowed my copy, then unpublished, and read it to Browning at Venice, and afterwards to the Empress Frederick at Berlin; and told me of their delight in it; and others known in the literary world, rank Brown among the Great Poets.

When we turn to the book itself it is like entering a different atmosphere, and we are forcibly reminded of Canon Wilson's careful reference to the youth of his friend. Mr. Simpson opens his chapter with Mr. Hall Caine's boast that "Mr. Brown is the first of Manxmen living or dead." He might as well have described him as "that puissant officer the headborough of Little Pedlington." Has the Isle of Man been rich in prophets? Thus the text and the sermon in its ejaculatory way proceeds: "Mr. Caine, in his last three words, *their children will*, has expressed a fact [*sic*] . . . Brown's day is yet to come." Then once more the testimonial dodge is brought into play (extract from Mr. Canton). Bang goes the author next with the extraordinary statement: "And Brown is superior to the Scotchman [Burns] in intellect, culture and refinement." Exactly in the style of Mother Seigel's follows a testimonial from Mr. William Storr. Next, Mr. Henley has "proved"—mark the word!—"the superiority of the Manx poet over the 'thrice-laurelled Laureate.'" It was easy to tolerate such extravagance in Mr. Henley, who was naturally unable to write as an impartial judge of his own schoolmaster; but it is odd that such absurdities should be repeated in a book pretending to be critical. Not once, by-the-by, but twenty times, did Henley say to the present writer that the worst of all his mistakes was that of allowing Brown to review one of Mr. Caine's novels in the *National Observer*. However, our author proceeds on his wonted way:

But it is useless to compare Brown with the ordinary run of great men. He was volcanic.

In support of this statement he inserts a testimonial from the Bishop of Hereford in which, sure enough, we find a reference to "the volcanic outbursts" of Brown. There is a delicious phrase in this document—"the average run of distinguished men"—which deserves noting. No doubt the Bishop of Hereford is so much accustomed to the company of men of genius that he has more opportunities to strike an average than less-

favoured mortals. It would take long to examine in detail the vast number of testimonials collected by the industrious Mr. Simpson. They come from all quarters, including the ACADEMY, which in 1897 published an article on Brown from which we would to-day dissent in a very slight degree. But the author rests his case mainly upon the evidence of two witnesses. W. E. Henley and Mr. Hall Caine surely are an extraordinary pair of names to be coupled together. The junction is purely accidental, due to each having a personal acquaintance with the poet. In his generous way, Henley used to declare that he owed all he was to Brown. The schoolmaster it was who first brushed the clay from his eyes and enabled him to see. And it is altogether to the credit of the pupil's warm heart that in later life he was always the impassioned advocate, never the impartial judge, of his teacher. With Mr. Hall Caine the case is different. The alliance between him and Brown caused many a keenly scrutinising glance to be cast on the work of the latter, on the principle that a man is known by his friends. Brown's love for Manxland blinded him to every failing of an author hailing from that beloved country. Mr. Caine returned the friendship by praise which was never in any true sense critical, but consisted of glowing and rhetorical generalities. "So strong, so powerful a man has this island seldom produced," is language that might be addressed to a dignitary of any sort. That Brown himself was no critic will be apparent to any one who studies the examples given in the book, where the mighty Hardy is cast down from his seat and the unspeakable Caine exalted. Mr. Simpson appears to have adopted this view. Indeed, it is the revelation of his standards that saps his authority. When he ranges himself on the side of Hall Caine and against Burns and Tennyson he renders discussion of his opinions superfluous. What would the poet have thought of such extravagance as this?—

If Brown has not Shakespeare's richness and vast compass, or Milton's sublime and unflagging strength, or Dante's severe, vivid, ardent force of vision, he has a joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, a freedom of eye and heart, or, in a word, a general healthiness that prove him to be amongst the foremost writers of modern literature.

A comparison with William Barnes would have been more appropriate, but with Mr. Simpson's book as a text we must decline to enter upon any discussion of the merits of T. E. Brown.

ECHOES FROM KOTTABOS

Echoes from Kottabos. Edited by R. Y. TYRRELL, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D., and Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart. (E. Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN 1882, it is hardly necessary to remind our readers, a selection of classical exercises was issued under the title of "Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin." The book before us consists for the most part of selections from what may be called the non-classical side of *Kottabos*. The editors have had some fifty numbers of *Kottabos* from which to select, and it would be difficult to praise too highly the rare discrimination and sound literary judgment which have guided their choice. There is only one piece which we would have excluded: Max Cullinan's "Terrier in my Granny's hall." For the rest, the selections bear testimony to a very high standard of literary ability among the students of Trinity College, Dublin; and, taken together, the two volumes form a splendid vindication of the Irish University as the home of scholarship, culture and refined taste.

It is a noticeable feature in *Kottabos* that much of the English verse was of a serious cast. The volume opens with a sad poem by Charles Pelham Mulvany entitled "Scepticism." Perhaps his best poem is "Swift on Stella," but "L'Amour qui Passe," though unequal, has many merits. We shall see, when dealing with the humorous pieces, that he had another side to his genius.

The late Thomas E. Webb contributed some very graceful verses, notably a couple of translations or paraphrases from de Musset. The poem called "Remember" is even finer than the sonnet entitled "Never." We wish we could quote both.

There is a delightful series of "Poems Written in Discipleship," which, we are told, "are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song." In the first of them (of the school of Tennyson) Dr. Dowden has caught the manner of the late Laureate:

The gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
Lay on the water, violet dark,
The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
And slowly moved our bark.

A golden day: the summer dream'd
In heaven, and on the whispering sea
Within our hearts the summer dream'd;
It was pure bliss to be.

Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
And shining tresses lightly blown,
Alice and Adela, and sang
A song from Mendelssohn.

O sweet and sad, and wildly clear,
Through summer air it sinks and swells,
Sweet with a measureless desire,
And sad with all farewells.

The poem entitled "Sea-Roses," by J. E. Healy, is so fine that we reproduce it:

Where the sea-roses grow down to the sea,
And where the white ripples laugh up to the roses;
Where the gorse and the heather are nodding together,
And the bud of the pimpernel opens and closes;
Where the curlew dips to the kiss of the wave,
And the grey-green wings of the plover whirl
By the languorous motion and swaying of ocean,
There I am dreaming of her.

Sweet sea-rose, you were always sweet,
Yellow of petal, and greenly glowing
In warm sea-places 'mid soft embraces
And tender touches of night-winds blowing.
The first full ray of the moon on you
Falls in the quiet of night begun;
And lovingly tender, in slanting splendour,
The first red shaft of the sun.

Ah, but now you are queen of the flowers,
Queen of the queens of the summer weather;
For here where the plover were wheeling above her,
Here in your glory we met together.
Rose, you were happy, but happier far
I, as I thrill'd with ecstasy,
When she pluck'd you stooping, her dark eyes drooping,—
Pluck'd you, and gave you to me.

It is with no slight regret that we refrain from quoting Sir Edward Sullivan's "Francesca," but it is too long to reproduce, and extracts would not do justice to it. In addition to many other merits, Sir Edward has followed the *terza rima* of the original, and has thus earned the gratitude of Dante's admirers. One of the best pieces of its kind is this author's translation of Goethe's King of Thule into the Scottish dialect. This dialect has been essayed before in rendering German into English, but seldom more successfully. For downright weirdness, W. G. Wills's "Graf Bröm" could hardly be surpassed. William Wilkins's "In the Engine Shed" is a study in realism of very great merit, and he contributes several other good things, notably his "Study on the River Dodder" and "Actæon."

By way of transition to the humorous side, we reproduce "A Flattering Illusion," by Geoffrey Clark:

I thank you for the flowers you sent, she said,
And then she pouted, blush'd, and droop'd her head.
Forgive me for the words I spoke last night:
The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right.
Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,
Seal'd her forgiveness with the old, old sign;
And as we wander'd through the dim-lit bowers,
I wonder'd who had really sent the flowers.

The greater number of the humorous poems are the work of Mulvany, and most of them are excellent. One of the best of his contributions is "The Examination Hall"—a parody of "Locksley Hall," of course. The "Song of the Lines" is another College reminiscence which will appeal to all Dublin students. Next after Mulvany we place John Martley and Samuel Kennedy Cowan, between whose merits it is difficult to choose. Martley's best are "Our Lady of Gain" and "The Deserted City"; but Cowan's "A Supplemental Examination," "Locksley Hall Hotel, the Morning After," and "After Study," a parody of Swinburne's weird "Four Boards of the Coffin Lid," reach, perhaps, as high a level. Another clever Swinburnean parody is "At Lawn Tennis in College (Atalanta out of Calydon)," by George Wilkins. We like, too, J. S. Drennan's "Epitaph on an Attorney":

Here lies Mистер Quirk,—
Still at the ould work!

and we hope that Mr. Francis Thompson read Dr. Tyrrell's recast of Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" in his Latinised style:

A violet by a muscose stone
Semi-occult,
Formose as astræ when but one
Ostends its vult.

Dr. Tyrrell's "Another Way of Art" is a clever parody of Browning, and his "Caliban upon Kottabos" should not be missed. We should like to see a parody of "Mr. Sludge" from the same pen. We hardly know where to class the late Arthur Palmer's "Flight of the Muses." It is humorous in form—but *facit indignatio versus*. Palmer keenly resented the insult and injury with which classical study was threatened, by the proposed exclusion of Greek verse composition from the Scholarship examination; but, happily, the threat was not fulfilled, and the honour belongs largely to him.

The prose in the Echoes is wholly humorous. Almost every one is familiar with Littledale's "Oxford Solar Myth." Dr. Tyrrell has the lion's share of the rest, John Martley coming next. Mr. Newcomen's "Orgulous Artificer" is a clever squib in an archaic setting, and Mr. Pooler's essay "Of Poesie" is a capital parody of Bacon's style. The Latin rhymes are wholly contributed by Dr. Tyrrell. Readers will be glad to have the complete copy of his ingenious version of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." Many will also be well pleased with the rhyme, "In Praepositi Pavonem"—an original composition.

It is difficult to convey in a short review a fair idea of the merit of these Echoes; but on the whole, as we have said, the pieces maintain a remarkably high level. Many of the best poems are too long to quote, and we must leave our readers to make their acquaintance in the volume itself. That there are no less than fifty-three contributors to *Kottabos* represented in this selection says much for the versatility of the scholars of T.C.D.

It is a pity that the editors did not provide the book with an index giving the pieces under their authors' names, as well as an index of first lines.

THE ELEGANT MRS. MONTAGU

Mrs. Montagu and Her Friends. By R. HUCHON. (Murray, 6s. net.)

A LADY who before she was eight years old had copied out the whole of Addison's "Spectator"; who from the age of twelve to the age of seventy-two corresponded regularly with another lady, who was Prior's lovely Peggy, and with her sisters "Fidget"; who entertained royalty at breakfast in a room hung with feathered tapestry of her own making, and regaled the chimney-sweepers of London to beef and plum-pudding on her own lawn; who took up the cudgels for Shakespeare against Voltaire and wielded them with some effect; a lady in whose drawing-

room the word blue-stocking was coined, certainly does not deserve to be forgotten. All this and more gave feature to the life of Mrs. Montagu. And yet the name conjures up the vision of vaccination rather than the vision of the most exquisite leader of fashion who ever preferred literary animadversion to cards and scandal and frivolity. Mr. Huchon blows valorously at the dust of oblivion which has settled upon her. His essay is none the worse for being a little pompous; its austerity forms a proper background to the quoted wit, and throws into agreeable relief the figure of the fragile, spirited lady about whom he is writing. She was, indeed, a typical daughter of that flippant age of decorum which Dr. Johnson ruled with his rod of reason, an age which preferred elegance before beauty and common sense before everything; in which men and women talked literature even more judiciously than they wrote it.

Elizabeth was the eldest daughter of Matthew Robinson, a rich country gentleman who married at eighteen, had twelve children, and at last, after his wife died, attained to his heart's wish of becoming a man about London town, as we are told, he had been before his marriage. Elizabeth was born in 1720. She was never troubled by the romantic longings which burdened her indolent father. In 1742 she was wise enough to marry Edward Montagu, a very rich man well past middle age, even in years, with whom she lived in comfort and happiness, or rather—perhaps it would be better to use a more reasonable word—satisfaction. Her eyes were never dimmed by the "purple mist of love"; but when he died he left her £7000 a year and estates, which no man of business could manage better than she. His wealth enabled her to achieve the distinction in life which she coveted, but which wealth unallied with her own brilliance could never have given her—the distinction of being a great hostess, whose house was the resort of all that was excellent in the world of fashion, of letters and of politics. For fifty years her position was pre-eminent. Neither Mrs. Vesey nor Mrs. Thrale nor Mrs. Boscawen, her rivals, could withstand the combination of wealth and wit that was found in Mrs. Montagu's house. But her parties never reached the intellectual standard of those held in Paris by Madame Geoffrin, or by Madame de Daffand or Made-moiselle de Lespinasse. The assemblies at Hill Street, and at Bolton Row, as Mr. Huchon puts it, were inferior to those at the Convent St. Joseph or the Rues St. Dominique and St. Honoré. Mrs. Montagu had a very English difficulty to cope with, and a very great one, in the fact that the men she wanted in her Pekin room or in her room of Cupidons or withdrawing-room, hankered ungallantly after their own society and their own club-room. Pipes, perhaps, and port, they found more stimulating than the most elegant femininity. Men are like that: coarse creatures at best.

Many distinguished men came, however. Dr. Johnson often visited Hill Street. "Sir," he once said to James Boswell, "conversing with her you may find variety in one." And he must have been entertained in the battle of wit that invariably took place between Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Montagu whenever those ladies met. Dr. Johnson's presence was a feature of the gatherings. The indefatigable Boswell records that he had no opinion of the lady's powers as a critic. "Sir," he said (what pronouncement of his is complete without that arresting monosyllable? He knew its value) "Sir, that Essay contains no single word of criticism." With this remark he finished with the famous discourse on Shakespeare, peremptorily. Whether or not Mrs. Montagu knew of this judgment, friendship prevailed between them until the Doctor published his "Life of Lord Lyttelton," in which he said of the lord's poems: "they have nothing to be despised but little to be admired," and of the "Dialogues of the Dead," the last three of which were written by Mrs. Montagu herself, "they were kindly commended by the *Critical Reviewers*; and poor Lyttelton with humble gratitude returned in a note acknowledgments

which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice." This was more than the sensitive lady could brook, and it occasioned a lasting breach between them.

Burke she knew before he was famous. In 1758 she wrote of him as "a young lawyer by profession tho' an author by practice." She remained on terms of intimacy with him, though she was unable to accede to his request to use her influence with Mr. Secretary Pitt to obtain for him the post of Consul at Madrid, which he wanted. David Garrick came to her drawing-room, and was obliging enough to recite speeches from plays of Shakespeare for the entertainment of her guests. He was not a frequent visitor at the Conversation Parties, but was asked to dinner when distinguished politicians or royalties were to be present. Mrs. Montagu had a genius for tact as a hostess. Beattie, the mildly philosophic poet, Lyttelton, Horace Walpole, Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Wilberforce, and many other well-known men, figured at her assemblies. Cowper, the gentle-hearted Cowper, was too much occupied with his religious difficulties and his hares to enter society much, but he read her Essay and wrote to Lady Hesketh, "I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montagu stands at the head of all that is learned and that every critic veils his bonnet to her superior judgment." One critic at least cocked up his bonnet at it: but no matter. Cowper was always gently gallant. He heard of the famous feather room and his enthusiasm was roused to the pitch of couplets on the occasion. They are printed in his poetical works, where students of English literature may find and study them.

Literary ladies, too, found their way to Hill Street and Portman Square. Hannah More was a devoted admirer of Mrs. Montagu. Her poem, "Bas Bleu," is a tribute of her esteem, a little monument reared in honour of her friend:

She who Shakespeare's wrongs redrest
Prov'd that the brightest are the best.

Until Mrs. Montagu appeared "Conversation's setting light Lay half obscured in Gothic night," by such trumperies as whist, "that desolating Hun," or as quadrille, "that Vandal of colloquial wit." But to Fanny Burney belongs the distinction of describing her friend and hostess most vividly. "I found her," she writes, "brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment and critical in talk, and deemed her a person to respect rather than to love." That is a description as witty as it is true; though no reference is made to Mrs. Montagu's amazing vitality, which enabled her to live on strenuously almost to the last day of her long life.

SHERIDAN

The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With an Introduction by JOSEPH KNIGHT. (Frowde, 2s.)

The Major Dramas of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Edited with Introduction and Notes by GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON. (Ginn, 4s.)

If there be any one who has never studied Sheridan, we recommend these two books as the best on which to begin the study. An "Oxford text," edited by so ripe a scholar and so profound a critic of the drama as Mr. Joseph Knight, might seem good enough by itself; but Mr. Nettleton's volume, devoting less space to text, devotes much more to biography, introduction and notes, and he succeeds, not only in giving all the information needed by beginners with sterling fulness and accuracy, but in adding a great deal that will interest those who have already a good working knowledge of the plays. The aim of the book is to give a critical study of Sheridan's major dramas (*The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic*) based primarily on contemporary evidence. Contemporary evidence, after all, is the best, if not the only evidence worth consulting in the

case of a man who held the mirror up to his own age as Sheridan did; and Mr. Nettleton, following in the footsteps of Sheridan's biographer, Mr. Fraser Rae, has conferred, in this unpretentious little "school-book," a lasting benefit on students of Sheridan by his assiduity in searching newspaper files, literature contemporary with Sheridan, and all kinds of sources for facts, and again facts, and facts. Does the reader wish to know more about Lydia Languish's library? Mr. Nettleton throws a bright light on Sheridan's object in putting down this apparently jumbled catalogue, by turning up the books mentioned and giving us, in addition, quotations from the earliest reviews of them. Eighteenth-century Bath is studied, as essential to the understanding of *The Rivals*. Sheridan's debts to his predecessors, French and English, are examined, and every claim receives fair consideration, however lenient is the judgment against the debtor. More important, the text is edited with great care.

These things, however, are matters of which the student will discover the nature for himself on looking into Mr. Nettleton's book. The result of studying it will be to support Sheridan's claim to be considered the greatest writer of post-Shakespearean comedy. That he was a man of genius is recognised by all. If he had never written a play in his life his five-hours "Begum Speech" on Warren Hastings and the Begums of Oude in Parliament in February 1787 and, later, his speeches during the trial in Westminster Hall must send him down to posterity as one of the greatest of English orators. But oratory, like acting, dies. We know Burke (to his advantage, no doubt) as a prose-writer, not as an orator. If Pitt and Fox spoke as they speak in Mr. Hardy's *The Dynasts* they must have been mere Mad Hatters at the art: Sheridan's oratorical genius we know only from the testimony of his friends and enemies and from the garbled versions of his speeches that appear in print. Sheridan the playwright we know not only from the printed book but from the modern stage, and, if we study *The Critic* with Mr. Nettleton's aid and are careful not to judge it by the form in which it appears nowadays at charity *matinées*, we must realise that here is the perfection of burlesque, just as in *The School for Scandal* is the perfection of comedy.

Perfection is a hard word; but its use is very nearly justified. It is, or was, not uncommon to find this desperate young Irishman who had eloped with a reigning beauty, fought two duels, written three plays and become manager of Drury Lane, all before he was twenty-five, regarded as a rank plagiarist, who combined what he stole with unblushing imitation, in the manner of Foote, of living people, and tossed the two on to paper without revision or care. Plays written in that manner do not live for a century and a half. And one of Mr. Nettleton's good services is his insistence on the facts that Sheridan was not a plagiarist, that he did not unduly make game of actual people, and that he worked at and published his plays in a way that even Flaubert would not have disdained. The two versions of *The Rivals* are there to prove the latter point, if, indeed, further proof were needed than, in *The School for Scandal*, such dialogue as that between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in Act II. scene i. That Sheridan owed nothing to former writers is a thesis as impossible to maintain as it would be in the case of any other author in all the history of literature; but it is pretty clear that, besides being all that we have said, Sheridan had found time to be a well-read man, and that like other authors, like Milton in his very different way, for instance, he incorporated his knowledge, half consciously, half unconsciously, in his work, having always made it his own before reproducing it. Mrs. Malaprop may derive from Mrs. Slipslop, from Tabitha Bramble, from Mrs. Heidelberg, from Dogberry, and from Mrs. Tryfort in Sheridan's mother's comedy, *A Journey to Bath*; but she remains Mrs. Malaprop, the *œuvre type*, the consummation of the class. And though Sir Fretful Plagiary was called Richard Cumberland in real life, he is no bald copy of an actual man.

The genius of Sheridan becomes clearer when we contrast his work as playwright with that of his predecessors and successors. We find him gathering up into himself the best of all that had gone before; after him we find no comedy that can compare with his. He is the fair flower of English comedy. From the Elizabethans he takes nothing but a quotation or two; unless the reader likes to follow Mr. Nettleton in deriving from Ben Jonson the characteristic of the comedy of "humours," which regarded each person as the expression of a single quality and gave him a name to correspond. This seems to us to be going needlessly behind Sheridan's great originals, the Restoration comedies. In practice, this is what always happens to the minor characters. There being no room to develop them, they are treated from a single point of view, which, whether a corresponding name be given or not, is all that they are wanted for. We cannot admit that Sheridan is Jonsonian in any of his major characters; or, as it might be better expressed, he is at least not Shadwellian. If Joseph Surface has a leading characteristic, he is a complete being, not an exaggerated expression of a single quality. That matter of nomenclature was a heritage from the Restoration comedies, which, as we have said, were Sheridan's great originals, and which, with Etherege and those who followed him, swept the Jonsonian comedy of "humours" off the stage in favour of a finer type. This realistic comedy Sheridan, living in a chaster age, was able to purify. He caught up the comedy of Steele, and rescued it from decay. Adding his shaft of ridicule to those already sticking in the backs of the sentimentalists, and avoiding the pitfall of farce into which Goldsmith had fallen, he produced the highest type of comedy, which exposes folly and vice without indignation, is polished without artificiality (though the old complaint about the witty servants must be allowed to be deserved), broad-minded without coarseness, and directly aimed at an actual state of society without sacrifice of universality. *The School for Scandal* is the perfect finish of a hundred years of preparation; and, having reached the summit, English comedy declined thenceforward.

YOUNG LONDON

Mediaeval London. Vol. II.: *Ecclesiastical*. By Sir WALTER BESANT. (Black, 30s. net.)

VOLUME after volume attests the enthusiasm and industry of the late Sir Walter Besant as an historian of London. It is possible to regret that he attempted to cover so much ground. As each instalment is issued we recognise a well-worked quarry rather than an edifice.

The present volume is the second dealing with Mediaeval London. It surveys the ecclesiastical life, institutions, and influences of the Norman and Plantagenet centuries. The first eight chapters, however, are concerned with the rise of London's municipal government. We are reminded that the wish of the merchants and citizens of London to possess a commune was whetted, if not created, by the examples of continental cities with which they traded:

What they desired was a Corporation, a municipality and self-government within their own walls. It is certain that London looked with eyes of envy upon Rouen, a city with which it was closely connected by ties of relationship, as well as those of trade, because Rouen obtained her Commune fifteen years before London obtained the mere shadow of one.

Sir Walter Besant adds that "the connection between London and Rouen was much closer than we are generally willing to recognise." Why should we be unwilling? The assumption enables the author to continue:

Communication was easy, the Channel could be crossed whenever the wind was favourable, the Englishman was on a friendly soil when he landed in Normandy, a country ruled by his own Prince. The Normans found themselves among a friendly people on the soil of England. They came over in great numbers, especially to London. The merchants of Rouen had their port at Dowgate from the age of Edward the Confessor.

The rather dingy and forbidding vista of Dowgate Hill, alongside Cannon Street station, takes on a new interest from this little fact. The Spring of London's self-government came slowly up that way. Never was a city riper for independence, and when at last Henry FitzAlwin took up the office of Mayor the citizens outdid their posterity by declaring: "Come what will, in London we will never have another king except our Mayor, Henry Fitzailwin of London Stone."

The historical and documentary details of this great period are set forth in Sir Walter Besant's ample pages, and the government of the Wards, the duties of Aldermen, the early factions, and the birth of the Guilds, are illustrated by a multitude of facts. When the nature of the material permits the story is unfolded with agreeable literary effect. We notice here and there a lack of references, usually associated with a passage of minor historical importance in which Sir Walter Besant found opportunity to write in his novel-background manner. For example, in the interesting chapters on Trial by Ordeal we have a vivid descriptive report of an actual ordeal by hot water which was conducted in Smithfield at some date unnamed. One would like to know whether Sir Walter Besant worked up the description (in a legitimate way of course) from a meagre record; or whether we are indebted to a reporter born while Carmelite Street was still dominated by Carmelites. There were four men, all belonging to the Ward of Cheap, and their offences were serious: robbery and murder. The men were known "roreres"; in other words, they were wanted by the police. As a desperate hope, these men claimed the right to prove their innocence by ordeal of boiling water.

This sort of thing was not an everyday and tiresome occurrence even in the Middle Ages, and even in Smithfield. An eager crowd assembled, and the authorities did everything decently and in order. The culprits were taken across the road from Newgate to hear mass in St. Sepulchre's Church, where they swore upon saintly relics that they were innocent of the murder in Cheapside and demanded the right to prove it by ordeal. At once a seemly procession was formed. "The whiffers marched first, followed by the clergy and the singing boys"; then the prisoners, followed by a great mob. One of the prisoners wore a confident look, the other three appeared depressed. At Smithfield a cauldron of boiling water was ready, and when the whiffers had ceased their untimely whiffing, the sheriff, who was attended by the Alderman of Chepe, began his exordium. Probably he was told to speak up. He told the prisoners in his best official manner that at the bottom of the cauldron lay a round white stone. Each would have to dip his arm into the boiling water and bring up that stone without receiving a scald. The painful climax is described by Sir Walter Besant thus:

The first to essay the adventure was the prisoner of the cheerful and the confident countenance; the guards took off his doublet; they rolled a thin piece of linen round his arm and sealed it with lead. They then bade him advance. He stepped forward; he stood beside the cauldron, his arm raised; the Priest and singing men began a Psalm.

The smoke and the steam blew this way and that way; the man could not be seen sometimes for the fumes; when the wind blew aside, the people saw him still, hand upraised, watching the boiling water. Suddenly the smoke and the steam were blown aside; he plunged his arm; the smoke was blown back again: but he stood before the officers, the white stone in his hand.

The crowd shouted. The Lord had proved his innocence. He was set aside; he would be taken back to Newgate; three days afterwards, the covering would be taken from his arm, and if there were no signs of scalding he would be set free.

The next man stepped forward.

He plunged his hand at once; he groped about for the stone; he drew out his hand; he plunged again; he drew it out with a yell of agony. No need to look at the arm searchingly, it was horribly scalded. They hanged him up at once.

The third man was brought forward.

He looked at his companion hanging; he looked at the cauldron and the fire. He fell on his knees confessing the crime.

So, likewise, did the fourth man.

So, out of four ropes, three were wanted; and for four of them who were accused, the Lord Himself had pronounced the guilt of three and established the innocence of one.

When a story, four hundred years old, is told so graphically as this, we would like to know something about the authority for it.

Very few people, when they look at the crowded spires of the City from Waterloo Bridge, realise the extent to which faith, of which these spires are symbols, dominated the life of London in the Middle Ages. But Sir Walter Besant impresses his readers once for all with the omnipotence of the Church. There were one hundred and twenty-six parish churches for one hundred and twenty thousand people. But then all the people went to church, and the church went to all the people. The belief in Purgatory was profound, and caused the poor to haunt the churches and the rich to build them. The monasteries and nunneries, with all their activities, were ever before the eye. Here are some curious calculations:

There were, large and small, about twenty-four Religious Houses in and outside London. If we take an average of seventy people of various trades attached to and living by each House, and an average of thirty brethren and sisters, we have nearly seven thousand people belonging to them. To sum up, therefore, there were nearly twenty thousand people in the City of London and its suburbs engaged in working for, and living by, the Churches and Religious Houses. About one-fifth of the population of London lived by the Church. This is a moderate estimate.

Immersed in religious exercises, spectacles, and fears, the Londoner who had a day to spare could take his way to one of eleven holy wells, nearly all of which were within what is now the cab-radius. A popular place beyond this distance was the chapel at Muswell Hill, where a miraculous figure of the Virgin, of black oak, was preserved in the midst of that portion of the great Middlesex forest:

Outside the chapel there were taverns and merry-making places. First the pilgrim knelt at the shrine; sometimes he went round it on his knees; and prayed, with simple belief, if not with fervour; faith made the sick man whole; faith absolved the penitent; faith made the most careless happy in the belief that Our Lady of Muswell had knocked off many—he knew not how many—years of purgatory. The religious act finished, no one objected to pleasure and merriment. There are indications that the merriment was not always seemly, nor was the pleasure always sinless.

Such pictures of the past may be culled in numbers from these pages, which form a good example of tessellated history. The numerous illustrations add to the value of the volume.

THE ALLEGORY OF THE PURGATORIO

Prisoners of Hope. An Exposition of Dante's "Purgatorio."
By the Rev. JOHN S. CARROLL. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.)

"PRISONERS OF HOPE" is the work of a scholar who knows Dante, in all his writings, intimately and accurately. It is by no means a complete commentary on the *Purgatorio*: it is obviously addressed to those whose sole or chief preoccupation is to know what Dante taught. To quote from the author's Preface, "it is an exposition, canto by canto, with the special purpose of bringing out the ethical significance" of the *Cantica*. Literary and artistic criticism are left almost entirely on one side. Very little attention is paid to textual difficulties, *variae lectiones*, or conflicting interpretations, except where such issues affect the main purpose of the study—the ethical aspect of the poem. Dante's words are seldom quoted: they are presented, in a careful, though, from a literary point of view, singularly unattractive translation. The author passes lightly and amiably over the astronomical and other technical allusions, about which much has been written.

On the other hand, the historical passages receive adequate explanation and discussion, while Mr. Carroll enters fully and with zest into Dante's theology and

philosophy, with which his political ideas were intimately connected, and into the allegorical meaning of every detail of the narrative. For the performance of this task he is well equipped. Not only has he that acquaintance with the "minor" works which is one of the first requisites for a complete understanding of Dante's thought, but it is evident, from his apposite and illuminating quotations, that he has a good knowledge of the philosophers and theologians whom Dante chiefly followed—Aristotle, St. Augustine, St. Gregory and, above all, St. Thomas Aquinas. Beyond this, his knowledge of Dante literature is evidently wide, although, perhaps because it was his intention to write chiefly for English readers, he seldom refers to any except English commentators.

A typical example of Mr. Carroll's method may be found in his treatment of *Purg.* xv. 16-23:

Come quando dall' acqua o dallo specchio
Salta lo raggio all' opposita porte,
Salendo su per lo modo parecchio
A quel che scende, e tanto si diparte
Dal cader dalla pietra in egual tratta,
Sì come mostra esperienza ed arte;
Così mi parve da luce, rifratta
Ivi dinanzi a sì, esser percosso.

"As usual," says he, "the commentators spend a great deal of time explaining Dante's harmless little piece of scientific vanity over his knowledge of the law of the angles of incidence and reflection, and leave unexplained what was his chief concern, the ethical law of which all this was the mere symbol." And he passes on without more ado to explain the allegory, which is that the Sun (regarded on this terrace as representing the bountiful love of God—the opposite of Envy) has gained so much additional brilliance owing to the presence of the Angel of Brotherly Love, that the bare livid rock (the arid prospect on which Envy looks out) has become changed into a mirror which reflects the heavenly light. All this, of course, is true. But we fancy most readers will agree with us in seeing in these lines something more than "a harmless little piece of scientific vanity." Surely the accuracy and clarity of the passage—its mere cleverness—make it a delight to read; and it is characteristic of Dante at his best to bring vividly before us some incident of his journey, following upon a canto devoted to a denunciation of the degeneration of Romagna and Tuscany. Yet, in the main, Mr. Carroll is right in insisting on the primary importance of the moral and allegorical interpretation of Dante, the poet of Righteousness. If we were seriously to doubt this after honest consideration of his writings as a whole, we should still have to reckon with the words in the dedicatory letter to Can Grande: "*Dicendum est breviter, quod finis totius et partis est, removere viventes in hac vita de statu miseriae, et perducere ad statum felicitatis.*"

We would also draw special attention to our author's exposition of the intensely allegorical cantos of the *Antepurgatorio*, and to his remarks on Statius. It is generally taken that Statius, the supposed convert to Christianity, is a bridge between Virgil (Human Reason) and Beatrice (Revelation or Theology). But Mr. Carroll defines his position with greater exactness. If it be remembered, first, that it was Matelda (Active Life) who finally led Dante to Beatrice, and second, that Statius says he owed his conversion to the prophecies contained in Virgil's fourth Eclogue, and that in life he had been but a lukewarm Christian, it will not be hard to see that he is a most appropriate link between Virgil and Matelda. He represents, then, a semi-Christianised Philosophy, "able indeed to expound the mystery of the human soul in relation to the natural body of earth and the aerial body of Purgatory, but not yet capable of the positive obedience and service of the Active Life." Also, in connection with Statius, Mr. Carroll offers an answer to a question which has often been asked, namely, Why is it that, whereas Virgil's guidance was sufficient for Dante through the terraces of Pride, Envy, Anger and Sloth, the more

distinctively Christian power, represented by Statius, should be necessary for overcoming the sins of the flesh—Avarice, Gluttony and Sensuality? The suggested explanation, which commends itself very much to us, is that it is the natural element in these last sins which makes it especially hard for the Reason alone to overcome them. They are all forms of excessive love of things not in themselves wrong, and it is their nature to pass the bounds of reason. "Statius, is therefore joined with Virgil, a more spiritual element with the rational, perhaps in fulfilment of St. Paul's injunction 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.'"

The division and arrangement of the book go a long way towards making the geographical and allegorical scheme of the Mountain of Purgatory easy to grasp. Although the author is occasionally slipshod, he is never ambiguous; and it is impossible to quarrel with a writer in whom learning and soundness are united to an admirable clarity of expression.

PARISH LIFE

Parochial Life in Medieval England. By Abbot GASQUET. The Antiquary's Books. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

WE must confess to some disappointment after reading this book. Abbot Gasquet's knowledge and his researches into the history of Mediaeval England had led us to hope that he would have dealt with the way in which the Church fostered the parochial life as opposed to the manorial. The manor represented the feudal side, the parish the popular, and we regret that while Abbot Gasquet fully recognises this—for he tells us that:

in those far off days the Parish Church was the centre of popular life all the country over and the priest and other parochial officials were the recognised managers of many interests beyond those of a strictly ecclesiastical nature

—his book deals almost wholly with the ecclesiastical side. Important as this was, it was only a part of the parochial life, and it is unfortunate that, popularly, the term parish has always an ecclesiastical ring about it. Yet probably it was the civil rather than the ecclesiastical position of the parish priest that made him a person of importance: the facts that he was a freeholder among the villein tenants of the manor, that while they could be removed "at the will of the lord" he was immovable, and that while others had a variable income his was to a great extent fixed, tended to magnify his office. When to this is added the spiritual power he possessed it is at once obvious that the position of the parish priest was one of great importance in the daily life of the country. Still greater was its importance when it became legally recognised that the vicar and churchwardens were a body that never died, a corporation with a perpetual succession. In the eye of the law the legal power of the lord of the manor did not extend beyond his tenants; on the other hand, the legal power of the Church extended to all the people who dwelt in the parish, without reference to whether they were the lord's tenants or not. They were parishioners, they had a legal right to attend the Church and to partake of its privileges, and in the Church all class differences vanished: the proudest lord and the vilest villain were equally parishioners and nothing more.

Abbot Gasquet rightly dispels the popular idea that one of the abuses of mediæval time was the appropriation of parochial tithe to a religious house, leaving the poor vicar to subsist on such "miserable stipend" as remained after the rich monastery had received all that was worth receiving. This was not the fact. All agreements as to the appropriation of tithe had to be approved by the bishop, and he had a real personal interest which made him take particular care that the sum payable to the vicar was a living wage, for if it were not the bishop had to support him. The state of things with which we

are familiar—of the great tithes being in the hand of some rich layman and the parish priest being left to do the work on a mere pittance—is not a mediæval abuse and could not have occurred in mediæval times, as the agreement of impropriation could be adjusted if the circumstances altered; it is the direct result of the spoliation of Henry VIII. in handing over the property of the monasteries to his courtiers without any provision for revision.

On the position of the clergy Abbot Gasquet has much to say. While we admit that it was one of the glories of the English Church that the clergy were drawn from "all sorts and conditions of men," we are not sure that some of the dispensations referred to as being granted to the sons of villeins to become priests were not for persons of illegitimate birth to do so. In the Middle Ages there were only two professions open—that of arms and that of orders—and it was from the estates of the Church, the great landowner of that time, that these two great professions were recruited.

A very interesting point is raised as to the position and duties of chantry priests. The usual idea is that they said mass in the chantry for the souls of the founder, the persons named in the foundation deed, and all other Christians, but Abbot Gasquet contends that this was only part of their work: that they also had to assist in parochial duties, and were, in fact, curates in the modern use of the term. The question is one of some importance, for if the view here stated be correct it puts an entirely new construction on the legislation of Edward VI. If up to that time the large parishes had what may be called endowed curacies, and these curacies were suddenly swept away, leaving the parish priest single-handed, a blow was struck at the Church which may be said to have been the foundation of dissent. The great cry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was that three ministers were not sufficient to do the work of the Church, so "prophesyings" arose under Elizabeth and "lectureships" under the first two Stuarts. Abbot Gasquet says that this confiscation of the chantries, "the spoliation of the rich and needy," as he calls it, was deliberately done, and that the Crown of England deliberately took away "the pittance of the poor." It may be so, but we want some stronger evidence than is here given to prove that such a deadly blow was aimed at the Church by the Tudor kings and statesmen.

Another point of great interest is how the funds for meeting the expenses of the Church were raised in mediæval times. It is said that "the people voluntarily offered" the necessary funds both by gifts during their lives and by sums left in their wills. There is no doubt that these gifts were numerous and large, but they could never have been enough to meet all the requirements of the Churches. Resort was also had to collections, but the amount of money in circulation was not sufficient to make the collections of great value. Moreover, the Church was overdone with collections—for Papal Envoys, for Peter Pence, for some great public building abroad or at home, or for some bridge or other public work. All these appear over and over again in episcopal registers. There could not have been much left for Church expenses. All sorts of contrivances for raising money were invented, and we who are ignorant of the needs of the Church are content to speak of all these methods as the pious fraud of a corrupt clergy. This is what the Protestant reformers alleged and what we have been taught to believe. If Abbot Gasquet's book does nothing else than help to dispel this fiction it will not have been written in vain.

We have not space to follow the author into that part of his book which treats of the religious services in the parish churches. Many points are raised, and we are not in accord with all that Abbot Gasquet states as to practice. His picture seems to us to be drawn rather from what writers say things ought to have been than from what they actually were. We do not believe that through

England as a whole the influence of the Church was sufficient to enforce such a rule of life as is here sketched out. Neither can we discuss the very important subject of guilds and fraternities—idealised trade unions they might be called, flourishing under the patronage of the most powerful organisation of those days, the Church. Here again we are on several points not wholly in accord with Abbot Gasquet, but whether we agree with him or not we have to thank him for a very interesting book which has put in an accessible and comprehensive form a number of scattered and minute materials which tend to support the views he advocates. Those views are not what we have been taught, but that does not make them erroneous. Abbot Gasquet says he feels sure that the result, as far as it goes, is correct as to the outline of the picture. This may be so, but we are not thoroughly satisfied with the correctness of all its details.

ANCIENT EGYPT

Ancient Records of Egypt. Historical Documents from the earliest times to the Persian Conquest. Collected, edited and translated by JAMES HENRY BREASTED. 4 vols. (Luzac.)

The Egyptian Heaven and Hell. By E. A. WALLIS BUDGE. 3 vols. (Kegan Paul.)

THE four volumes of Professor Breasted's translations, taken in conjunction with the careful and exhaustive editions of the historical texts in hieroglyphic now being issued by German scholars in Steindorff's "*Urkunden des Aegyptischen Alterthums*," furnish a very valuable basis for the study of an important branch of Egyptology. They classify the material and focus it beneath the eye, and if such *corpora inscriptionum aegyptiacarum* can be continued and extended to all departments, they will render the student to a great extent independent of the old cumbersome and widely-scattered publications of inscriptions and enabled him to pursue his researches profitably far away from the great public libraries and museums.

Sethe's and Schaefer's editions of the inscriptions are admirably careful and at the same time show brilliant insight in the restoration of lacunæ; these seem likely to remain the standard texts for a long time to come. On the other hand all translations and commentaries must be taken as provisional, being dependent on knowledge that is rapidly growing, in the one case of the Egyptian language, in the other of the details of the history and archaeology in the widest sense. Study of the language is now well advanced, but it is obvious that in regard to the rest our knowledge must be far from complete.

If Professor Breasted's collection of historical texts is not exhaustive, it is at least very full, the term historical being generously interpreted. The translations are uniform, being all from his own pen; and they contain a multitude of suggestive renderings with illuminating comments. There is perhaps little here published absolutely for the first time, but, speaking for himself, the present writer, though he may now and then miss some piece that he would wish to have seen included, finds in the work important texts that he has never seen before. In gathering the materials the author has made good use of excellent opportunities; he has studied in Berlin and at most of the European museums, and has travelled in Egypt itself in order to examine the originals again before re-translating. While still in manuscript the whole work was divided into its volumes and numbered paragraphs; thus in his *History of Egypt*, published in the autumn of 1905, the narrative flows uninterrupted by discussions and extracts from authorities, such matter being effectually replaced by occasional references at the foot of the page to volume and paragraph of the Records. Every one interested in ancient Egypt should obtain the *History*, and probably many will desire, further, the documents and discussions in these

Records on which it was founded. The inscriptions of the Old Kingdom (Dynasties I.–VI.) and Middle Kingdom (VII.–XVII.) are contained in the first volume; two great dynasties of the New Empire alone furnish the second and third, and the Twentieth Dynasty fills more than half of the fourth volume, two hundred and thirty pages sufficing for the six later dynasties to the Persian conquest. It is unfortunate that the dynasty of Psammetichus, contemporary with Gyges, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus and a host of others, is miserably represented in the Egyptian documents. The north was then the vital part of Egypt; and the humid climate of the Delta has destroyed the papyri, while the limekiln and stonemason's hammer have made away with the less frail records. Stelae from the Serapeum have indeed fixed the chronology of the kings, and two monuments from Thebes are important for the internal history; but a granite stela which touches the narrative of Herodotus concerning the conflict between Apries and Amasis has come down to us in such worn condition that hardly any of it is intelligible. Our knowledge of the political history of Egypt is and probably will remain exceedingly fragmentary. If we seek to supplement the evidence of the monuments by that of archaeology and of the Hebrew, cuneiform and Greek records, we shall find the latter illuminating, but they cannot fill the gaps. While, however, most of the evidence has been lost or destroyed, that which remains is of the most varied character and for some periods abundant.

The famous Papyrus of Kings in Turin, when complete, recorded the names of all the kings down to Ramesses II. with the length of their reigns. But the most remarkable fragment of Egyptian historical work that remains dates from the Old Kingdom. Under the Fifth Dynasty the annals of Egypt, as far back as knowledge reached, were engraved on front and back of a great slab of hard stone set up in one of the temples. For the earliest periods the information was scanty. Yet the top register, of which a short length remains, was probably filled with the names of the kings of Upper and Lower Egypt before Menes united the two lands. Then followed the First Dynasty, with a brief record of the principal events in each year—the height of the Nile, feasts celebrated, censuses held. Gradually the chronicle expands, with notes of palaces and temples founded. In the portion preserved relating to the Third Dynasty five or six entries occur for each year; notes of an expedition to Nubia and, the amount of spoil brought thence, and of making the cedar-wood doors of the king's palace, show the character of the information. One complete year in the Fifth Dynasty displays no less than seventeen entries: at this time the priests were no longer compiling or copying annals, but recording contemporary events as they occurred, as can be seen by the irregular cutting and spacing. If such chronicles were kept continuously a splendid framework of authentic history may be awaiting us somewhere under the soil of Egypt. But destruction has fallen so impartially on good and bad that it must be extraordinarily good fortune that would preserve the document complete for us. Manetho can hardly have used a full chronicle; his history is probably founded on a mere abstract of names of kings and lengths of reigns (like the Turin papyrus) and embellished by garbled versions of popular tales and traditions. The slab of annals is by no means the only interesting document of the old kingdom. The biographical inscriptions of Una and Herkhuf are as full of information as any that have come down to us from any period.

The Eighteenth Dynasty, the most brilliant period of the Egyptian empire, is represented by a magnificent series of documents—feats of warriors and acts of officials, recorded in their tombs, victorious expeditions of kings (throughout Syria as far as the Euphrates or southward as far as Napata), their buildings, endowments, and ordinances recorded in the temples; and when Akhenaton abolished polytheism and introduced the sole cult of the

sun we have the hymn which he composed to the new deity. The inscriptions of *Ramesses II.*, which occupy the greater part of the third volume, often begin with extraordinary laudations of that hero's might; amongst them is the treaty with the Hittite king of which Winckler has just discovered the cuneiform version at the citadel of Boghaz Keui in Cappadocia. *Ramesses's* son *Mineptah* has left some important records; the stela of the victory over the Libyans, in which the Israelites are mentioned, for the first and only time in Egyptian inscriptions, is especially noteworthy. The records of judicial proceedings in connection with a conspiracy in the harim at the end of the reign of *Ramesses III.* are very curious: so also are those concerning robberies of tombs in the Theban necropolis (including the royal tombs) in the reign of *Ramesses IX.* Tomb-robbing was a regular trade in Ancient Egypt: the most elaborate artifices in the way of portcullis-stones and false passages did not save a single pyramid from desecration in earlier days. The common graves of the Twentieth Dynasty, with pottery coffins, must generally have been plundered soon after they were closed and before the precise position of the body had been forgotten; for in many cases, to the disgust of modern excavators, the thieves have descended exactly upon the breast (where the ornaments lay) leaving the rest of the grave wholly undisturbed.

To analyse Professor Breasted's volumes would occupy more space than we can spare. The above remarks will indicate to some extent the variety of their contents. In a work of such extent and difficulty there is inevitably much to criticise: and one cannot in reading it avoid the reflection that six months of steady revision of the whole of it are required in order to bring the work up to the high standard at which the author aims and which is to be looked for from one endowed with his comprehensive insight. The English throughout is crude, there are many mistakes in renderings and descriptions, and many hasty judgments. But had the author waited till he could spare six months for this revision, we might have been deprived of his results for many years and that would have been a great misfortune. As each volume appeared it established itself as one of the few indispensable works in the Egyptologist's library. The promised Index volume will add much to the value of the work.

In a new edition the author's excellent device for marking doubtful words should be more freely used. It would probably be better, too, to re-unite fragments of biographical inscriptions that are here parcelled out among the different reigns under which the same subject saw service. The names of foreign peoples should be given under their Egyptian forms rather than translated, e.g., *Inu-Mentu* would be preferable to *Troglodytes*, and to fetter the reader by the word "Greeks" when the original has *Haunebu* is hardly fair even in the reign of *Apries*. Most titles of dignity and office, too, hardly bear translation.

Dr. Budge has provided an inquisitive public with three attractive-looking little books full of hieroglyphic texts and pictures photographed from facsimiles in various publications. (Vol. i. deals with the Book *Am-tuat*; vol. ii. with the short form of the Book *Am-tuat* and the Book of Gates; and in vol. iii. the author describes and compares the books of the Other World.) Doubtless many will be glad to have the mysterious scenes of the under-world (which form a considerable part of the decoration on the walls of the royal tombs at Thebes) reproduced in such a convenient size. The accompanying inscriptions are printed in full in hieroglyphic type. The third volume offers a good deal of information about Egyptian ideas relating to life after death, and references to the original authorities.

PICTURES OF LIFE

The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art (1540-1800). By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. (Cassell, 5s. net.)

THIS is a novel, interesting and almost romantic book. It clothes the dry bones of black-and-white prints with human attributes, and makes them live. In a brief compass the author cannot do more than glance at many of the two hundred and more engravers whom he mentions, but his description of the principal characters is adequate, and the whole army is marshalled before the reader in strict relation to the object of the book, and though the canvas is crowded it is not confused.

Mr. Salaman writes *con amore*. He is an enthusiast, who laments the decay of the beautiful art of line engraving, while he writes its history, illustrated by the history of what it illustrates. From William Rogers to William Sharp, from Elstrack and Delaram to Strange and Woollett, all those who live by conferring immortality on others here find a niche in the temple.

"Faber's prints show a wide range of sympathy and a catholicity of interest." We may take them as an example of the effect produced on the author's mind by the study of old pictures:

... The guns of Dettingen and Fontenoy, Sheriffmuir and Preston, Falkirk and Culloden, seem to echo as we look at the Generals, Lord Carpenter, Lord Cathcart, William Blakeney, the Earl of Stair, Wade, Lord Loudoun, in Highland uniform, and the great Duke of Argyll, "The State's whole thunder born to wield, And shake alike the Senate and the field," as well as the veteran Major Faubert, who made soldiers, and turned out many a general, at his famous Military Academy in Leicester Fields. Here too are the admirals, Boscawen, Cloudesley Shovel, John Leake, and the unfortunate Byng, who when the Government murdered him on the quarter-deck to "encourage the others," would consent to cover his face only lest his fearless eyes might frighten the men appointed to shoot him; also Admiral Sir Thomas Smith, "Tom of Ten Thousand," as the fleet called him, who presided at Byng's trial, and the "aspens" Duke of Newcastle, who must always bear the obloquy of that national disgrace. . . .

It is in this spirit that the book is written, but the engravers themselves are, of course, treated more in detail. Of Hollar, for instance, who might have been a lawyer at Prague, like his father, the description is full and interesting. His chequered career throws light on the condition of London during the civil war, the plague, and the great fire. To few artists is it given to sketch on the spot a sea-fight between a *Mary Rose* and seven Algerian pirate ships, but Hollar saw it, came home with the victorious Kempthorne and died peacefully in his bed at the age of seventy. Loggan's adventures at Oxford and Cambridge, Von Siegen's great invention of the mezzotint ground, and its communication to the impetuous Prince Rupert, the tasteless Courts of George I. and George II., the revival of mezzotint, the brilliant Irish engravers McArdell and Houston, all in order receive their due, and colour-prints and stipple engraving are not neglected. We see Blake refusing, though a mere boy, to become the pupil of Ryland, "Engraver to the King," because "he looks as if he'll live to be hanged," and sure enough the prophecy comes true. We are shown Major, a Londoner, engraving in the Bastille, and Strange, the rebel Jacobite (whose real name was Strang), accepting a knighthood from the "Elector of Hanover." And all the while through the centuries these people were spending the greater part of their lives in scratching and scraping metal plates, and considering and wondering, in moments of danger, of poverty, or of sickness, "which way" they will lay the lines on a coat.

The illustrations, considering the low price of the book, are exceptionally good: in fact, some of them may be said to be remarkably beautiful. We can catch something of the fascination of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings" in the picture (by Finlayson) of Elizabeth, the fortunate young lady who, without any advantage of birth, married two dukes and refused a third; and, to mention another at random, Romney's "Lt.-Col. the Hon. Charles Cathcart," by Sharp, is a delightful example.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

George Crabbe: Poems. Edited by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD.
Vol. iii. (Cambridge University Press; 4s. 6d. net.)

WITH this third volume Dr. Ward brings his edition of Crabbe to a close; and it is hard to believe that another will be needed for a hundred years. A glance at the preface, at the list of variants, and the bibliography (the last compiled by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew) will show the thoroughness and care with which every edition of Crabbe, every scrap of manuscript in his handwriting and every newspaper in which he might have published poems have been ransacked for unpublished verses, variant readings and displaced fragments. It seems almost safe to say that nothing more is likely to be discovered. This is the way to edit a man's works, with scholarship and exhaustive thoroughness; add a good *apparatus criticus* and a bibliography, and leave the reader to select for himself the passages of poetry or prose that suit his taste and his needs. It is unlikely that any but professed students of literature will read every word of the poems, previously published or unpublished, which Dr. Ward has collected at the end of this volume from all kinds of printed and manuscript sources. Still, there they are if they are wanted; here is the whole of Crabbe, so far as the most erudite of his admirers can discover, and the edition stands foursquare against time. The "Tales of the Hall," which are here completed, all must read; the "Posthumous Tales" and "The Farewell and Return" should not be neglected; the remaining poems—occasional verses, lyrics, addresses and so forth—will yield many delights to those who try them. The Crabbe manuscripts belonging to the Cambridge University Press, to Mr. Buxton Forman, and others, have yielded a few fragments of tales, and though lyrical poetry was not Crabbe's best medium of expression, the sincerity of one or two of the devotional pieces renders them well worth preserving. It is interesting to note that Crabbe, like Milton, is read and admired in Russia; extracts from "The Parish Register" and "The Borough" have been translated into Russian, and in 1857 a Russian man of letters published an essay with selections from Crabbe's poems.

The Old Cornish Drama. By THURSTAN C. PETER. (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. PETER'S volume, which is a reprint of a lecture, is admirably calculated to introduce the student to the very interesting subject of the Cornish mediæval drama. That drama had one or two interesting points of difference from the plays and performance of the four cycles from the north and the midlands—the York, Towneley, Chester and Coventry—which have survived. The most important, perhaps, consists in the scene of production. At Chester, at any rate, the miracles, as is well known, were played on movable "pageants," wooden erections on wheels, which were drawn in succession through the town. In Cornwall, the plays were performed in the "rounds," the open spaces on the moors, more or less circular, and surrounded by rising ground, which was called *plân-an-guare*, and resembled, in some sort, the open-air theatre of the Greeks and Romans. In the centre of this, it seems, was fixed a platform, with or without an upper and a lower storey, and round it tents for the residences of David, Abraham, Pharaoh, or whoever the characters might be. The Cornish plays, again, were acted, not by different bands of players, who divided, according to their trade-gilds, the various plays making up a cycle, but by the same company throughout, and (or so Mr. Peter thinks) without previous study of the "book," a prompter or "ordinary" standing by and telling each man what he had to say as his turn came. Mr. Peter describes the surviving Cornish dramas, the three parts of the "Ordinalia," and the play of Saint Meriasek; and

possibly the side-lights he throws on them from his knowledge of Cornish customs and antiquities form the most valuable part of his book. Every one who has spent a childhood in the West Country will have seen (and far further north than Cornwall) the "mummers," or "guise dancers" as they are called in the duchy, at Christmas time. It is interesting to note that their strange play, which is handed on orally from generation to generation (without the aid of the printed texts compiled by Mrs. Ewing and others from notes) derived straight from the early Cornish drama. On one point we disagree with Mr. Peter. The descent of the modern theatre from the *plân-an-guare* is not so clear as he appears to think. Its shape is quite as likely to be a compound of the town-green with its pageant in the centre, an inn-yard, a large private hall with its dais at one end, and the arena for bull-fights and bear-fights. The point, that is, is not to find an ancestor for the modern theatre, but to decide how it could possibly have been other than it is.

The Log of the Sun. By C. WILLIAM BEEBE. (New York: Holt.)

THIS is one of the best nature-books we have had from America. It is a year-book of nature in which the author, evidently a writer of taste and culture as well as a careful observer, notes the changes that occur with the passing of the seasons. He is interested in all forms of life, and does not confine himself to birds and beasts. One of the most interesting sections is that in which the formation of snow crystals is explained. But chiefly the book is notable for the exact and intelligible manner in which the author describes the habits of wild creatures. The English reader will find himself very quickly on familiar terms with a fauna altogether different from that to which he is accustomed. The chickadee and the bobolink, juncos and tree swallows, the fox sparrow and the hermit thrush, take the place of those that render musical an English spring. Mr. Beebe is excellent also when treating of snakes, fishes and their kind. He is fortunate in having secured a capable illustrator in the person of Mr. Walter King Store, whose pictures not only adorn but illuminate the text. The book, which is handsomely bound and got up, would form a most acceptable present for a boy who loves natural history and who already knows most of the English classics on the subject.

SHELLEY AS A PROOF-READER

LORD BYRON remarked to a friend that few persons could understand Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," and that of these few, he was not one. The epic, indeed, cannot be fairly criticised by ordinary canons, for example by those of Aristotle in his "Poetics." Shelley can scarcely be said, like Homer in the *Odyssey*, to "make the impossible seem possible" when he raises, at a moment's notice, an army of millions of Greeks; converts the whole force to vegetarianism and total abstinence; and provides them with plenty of roots and fruits, though they are destitute of a commissariat. There is nothing like this in Homer's account of the supplies of the Achaean host under Ilion.

As Shelley remarked (it is the one humorous thing which he is recorded to have said), we might as well ask him for human nature as try to purchase a leg of mutton at a ginshop. His critics have also hinted that they "could do with" better grammar and better rhymes; and that he is a very careless poet. Mr. Forman, in his laudable edition of 1876, has defended Shelley from the charge of want of care, and adds that the "copy" which he sent to the printers was written in a hand "most careful and beautiful." He gives a photograph of Shelley's corrections on a proof-sheet of "The Revolt of Islam." The writing is excellent, except where the poet has huddled one or two words up, from want of marginal

space; or where the pen has splattered, as on the paper of proof-sheets pens are apt to do.

These facts being accepted, one is the more puzzled by the following stanza (Canto viii. stanza xi.) of "The Revolt of Islam," written in 1817. In the first edition (1818) the stanza runs thus:

O love! who to the hearts of wandering men
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves!
Justice, or truth, or joy! thou only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves,
To give to all an equal share of good,
To track the steps of freedom tho' thro' graves
She pass, to suffer all in patient mood,
To weep for crime, tho' stained
With thy friend's dearest blood.

If Lord Byron read as far as this, he probably read no farther. No mortal could find it lucid; "men" is an ill rhyme for "can"; and "thou can" is impossible grammar. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his edition, punctuates as he pleases; gives "*man*" *periculo suo*, in place of men; and puts "*those*" (namely love, justice, truth, and joy) instead of "*thou*." In a note he states that he corrects "*thou*" into "*those*" "from the first edition." But, as we saw, the first edition reads "*thou*." This is puzzling, and we are "wildered" (a word of Professor Dowden's) when we turn to Shelley's errata. He says that we must "for *these*, read *those*," but there is no "*these*" in his text; where "*thou*" is given. Moreover he says that for "Justice, and truth, and joy," in the same line, we must read "Justice, or truth, or joy." But there are no "ands" in his text! Why are we to make corrections which cannot be made? There are no "ands" to become "ors," no "these" to alter into "those": we have "thou," not "these."

Confronted with such problems, we are inclined to think that Shelley, by a temporary and trivial hallucination, had misread his own printed text. His grammar was in a tangle! If we read "Justice, and truth, and joy" (plus "love" in the first line), how can four abstractions be addressed as "thou"? If we read "or" for "and," how can four abstractions (love, justice, truth, joy) "guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves"? There would be four stars. If, on the other hand, love, justice, truth and joy are all different names for the same thing (as apparently they are), then that thing may be addressed as "thou," which leaves us with the impossible "thou can." It is clear that Shelley originally printed "Justice, and truth, and joy," and when he made the errata, saw the difficulty about four abstractions being like one star. But, as the "ors," intended to save the grammatical situation, were already in his text, why, in the errata, did he tell us to place them there, instead of the "ands"? The ordinary brain reels in presence of these mysteries: not so the brain of Mr. Forman. "Wildered" as I was, I accidentally strolled into the light which beacons from his Appendix to "Laon and Cythna" ("Poetical Works of Shelley," vol. i. pp. 385-386, 1876). Shelley's poem was originally styled "Laon and Cythna." He had done all he could with it, down to the page of errata. But Shelley's publisher, Mr. Ollier, happened to look into the book, after he had distributed a few copies, and found Shelley picking a quarrel with exogamy and averring that the best marriages (or rather unions) were those between brothers and sisters. He gave an example, in a luscious scene; "And such is Nature's modesty," said he ("Laon and Cythna," canto vi. stanza xl.). This was "too steep" for Mr. Ollier, and he threatened to withdraw from publication an epic so endogamous. Shelley, therefore, cancelled some leaves, and inserted others with alterations. Among these leaves was that containing canto viii. stanza xi., the puzzling stanza. Says Mr. Forman, "He did not touch stanzas x, xi. which, being on the same leaf, were also to be reprinted, and for which three corrections were provided in the list of errata."

Though he did not touch stanzas x. and xi., while making

alterations in points of what we call morality and religion (better described as "the anarch custom," and "bloody faith"), Shelley, on receiving fresh proofs, *did* touch stanza xi., though he left standing in stanza x. an error corrected in the errata. He put in his "ors" for "ands," and the printers got them right. He put in his "those" for "these," but the ingenious printer took his "those" for "thou," and left it so, standing where it ought not. The errata were also left as they had been. The result was the impenetrable jungle of stanza xi. Shelley, in short, like other people, was passing weary of his proof-sheets; did not read all of them; and had no revise or did not read it if he had. Meanwhile both Mr. Forman and Mr. Rossetti alter the punctuation of this weary stanza à plaisir, and differently.

As for the rhyme, "men" and "can," Mr. Forman thinks Shelley "very capable of having it happen to him," as Marlborough said of the Dutch general who was reported to have incurred a defeat. In stanza xii. Shelley made "none," "down," and "alone" rhyme; he was *capable de tout*, and a rebel at large. Like Lord Peter:

He broke the laws of God, and man, and metre.

It is to be feared that he was rather "careless"; was, as Keats said, in too great a hurry. At the bottom of his troubles were "justice, or truth, or joy," which, whether you combine them by "ands," or separate them by "ors," cause a grammatical difficulty, when spoken of in the plural (*those*), and also likened to a *solitary* "clear star." A constellation of several stars, the Bear, was the guide of Odysseus in Homer, and might have been got into the line, but then the "ors"—disjunctive—put a constellation out of the question; just as the "ands" made a single star impossible, which Shelley perceived. The only safe thing to do was to get rid of justice, and truth, and joy, but Shelley shrank from the sacrifice.

ANDREW LANG.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

A CANON OF STYLE

Is modern art or modern literature superior to ancient? Progress, let it be admitted, has been achieved in scientific knowledge and in mechanical appliances; has any been achieved in art and literature? It is often argued by those who have acquaintance with Greek, that Greek sculpture is still unsurpassed, that Greek poetry and prose present masterpieces yet unrivalled. Those who make these assertions exhibit, indeed, too often in their writing such barbarism of taste as to make those who hear them doubt the reality of the Greek influence, and the power—loudly vaunted—of the Greek spirit to refine and elevate. We need make no attempt here to explain why these damaging advocates of Greek show no better fruit in themselves from the tree of knowledge which they avow that they have delighted to have grafted upon them. It may be that their advocacy is but cant, the professional iteration of platitudes to their own interest, the brainless record of their youthful learning reproduced as by a gramophone. But, however this may be, there are sufficient guarantees of the perfection of Greek art and literature for it to be worth while to regard them as models for our consideration. If Greek literature, and above all Attic literature, supply the forms that our word-artists must study as diligently as sculptors must study Greek statuary, it must be useful now and again to recur to those great originals with new questions in our minds.

Here the labours of great scholars often assist their successors. To mention but one instance, the late Headmaster of Westminster, in an elaborate volume which sums up the reflections of many years, has very justly insisted on one aspect of Greek literature too often

obscured. He points out, and establishes his contention with a wealth of irrefragable illustration, that the first foundation of a true Greek style was the spoken word. The very word for style divides the barbarian and the Greek. The Greek speaks of *λέξις*, the way of speaking: the barbarian must needs think of the pen, the "stilus," used in his cloistered lucubrations. This Attic taste gives the matchless charm of ease to the Dialogues of Plato: he writes as so delightful a gentleman would speak. Three-fourths of the obscurities in Thucydides become relumed when the reader grasps this torch to guide him: the austerity of the grave historian dulled not his Attic ear to the music of the spoken word, and, dark though his meditations might be, he laboured to give them the manner of conversation by copying the flexible, changing, shifting syntax and cast of sentence which men use in conversation. Not less remarkable is the observance of the same canon in oratory. Andocides perhaps might be passed by as an untrained speaker, a gentleman who spoke from the fulness of his heart. But Demosthenes and Lysias and Isaeus aim at this very thing—they seek to catch the tone, the style, the character, of each several client and give to the speech they write for his mouth to utter the manner and the nature of his talk.

It is true that one peculiarity of the Attic civilisation is lost for ever. Athens contained within her walls the entire Attic-speaking world. Those who left her for long, lost like Xenophon something of their native delicacy and precision in dialect. Yet the English world of letters is not so unlike Athens as would at first sight be thought. The provincial idioms of millions mark them off as the analogues of Boeotians, Dorians, and the rest. But those who speak that Mercian dialect which Shakespeare, Milton, and a hundred others have stamped as the English of literature—they all may claim to be Athenians.

The barbarous notion that literature was separate in style and diction from conversation may be traced through Quintilian and Cicero to Isocrates. This writer of political pamphlets was deterred from the normal career of public speakers by a timid bashfulness and hypochondriac nervousness that incapacitated him. Like the incompetent, to-day almost extinct, who "unaccustomed as he was to public speaking," felt that a "speech" was so remote from "talking" that he could say nothing, Isocrates, too shy to speak as others, began to write speeches unlike others. The un-Attic vices to which Gorgias and other professors had for a little time given a vogue, not unnaturally allured Isocrates. He wrote long sentences whose correct syntax and symmetrical balance of sound and syllable, would have been impossible in a speaker. His periods grew stiff with particles, and passed the wit of man to follow except with the eye. Yet he remained Attic in this that he still used the grammatical forms and the vocabulary of those amongst whom he lived, and he was numbered therefore among the Ten Attic Orators.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate. Greeks of Attic culture and taste like Dionysius still taught that Demosthenes, not Isocrates, was the crown of Attic oratory, that Plato was divine, that Thucydides was the greatest of Athenian historians. But the barbarian Romans could not catch the Attic fire: they could not speak with the inspired tongue of a true Athenian. The mannerisms of Isocrates they could copy: where he was not veritably Attic they admired him: what had set him in the Sacred Ten, with the exception of his music, they did not understand. And therefore they distinguished the vocabulary, the syntax, the rhythm, the order of words to be used in speeches from those natural in conversation, and soon went on to write history and philosophy as they would not write a public speech. At last then the ruin is complete: the true instinct of style is lost: the canon forgotten.

It would be a long inquiry to follow the course by which the barbarous tradition of Roman literature filtered down to our time. Suffice it here to indicate

briefly the bearing of this recovered Attic canon of style on some modern discussions. We must, however, first premise that in the degenerate days of Graeco-Roman civilisation armies of critics and professors of literature, to the worse confounding of confusion, fought in their blindness, for the avoidance of phrases, forms, constructions familiar to every one's tongue, because they were un-Attic. They understood not the Attic spirit—that men should write as they talked—they knew not that, Attic being dead, it was for them to create a new and worthy literary tongue.

What, then, of ourselves? If we should at all times write as we speak, may we drop relatives as did our fathers before us, and thereupon end a sentence with a preposition? When Ruskin writes:

[I believe that good men . . . would be grieved to think] that this, with all the record it bore of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away,

is he reproducing the tone of conversation? and is such a turn worthy of commendation, and is it to be adopted also in a history? When every lady freely uses the "split-infinitive," is she not Attic, and is therefore the construction not correct in literature? Even the barbarian Cicero was conscious that a lady's speech was a better model than most men's. The late Queen, no less than millions of others, wrote "very pleased." Does not our Attic canon show that they are pedants of degenerate taste who do not recognise that this general use stamps the phrase as Attic, however the grammarian may explain the fact?

And what shall we say of the bepummelled "like" idiom? It is not the occasional occurrence of its use as a conjunction in books that is the strength of the case for it: it is the indisputable fact that it is regular in the conversation of most men and women, whose employment of the Mercian or literary dialect cannot be questioned. Professor Tyrrell (*quem honoris causa nomino*) denounces the term as a solecism: but the professor himself employs the "split infinitive." *Quis custodes—?*

In his "Correspondence of Cicero," vol. iv. p. l., he makes Cicero say: "The work that remains for me is not to *joolishly* say any rash word." But if he will permit himself to be justified, he may point out that the contention of the pedants rests upon the assumption that the infinitive is made of the preposition *to* indivisibly joined to the verbal form, and that to the validity of this assumption such a term as "to love, honour and obey" is entirely contrariant. "To love, to honour, and to obey," must be necessary. Yet Milton, who if any one may be put forward as an English scholar with Attic taste, writes "What boots it. . . . To tend the . . . shepherd's trade. And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?"

The plain truth is that, the Attic canon lost, men have erred to the right hand and to the left. Some make no effort to lend clearness, force, restraint, charm to their style: others denounce them not for the neglect of these qualities, but for using "non-literary idioms." The watchword for all should be

exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

T. NICKLIN

FICTION

Harry and Ursula. By W. E. NORRIS. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. NORRIS gains a distinct air of freshness by his method of making each of his lovers recount the story of their love from his or her own point of view. The different aspects of the affair are most entertaining, and are worked out with amusing insight, though without any pretence at going beneath the surface. The lovers are charming and light-hearted; and no one could fail to be pleased that their troubles, which are always interesting and at times pleasantly exciting, end as such troubles should end, in

mutual understanding and happiness. The tragic incident of the letter, forged by Ursula's father, is introduced with great dexterity. Mr. Norris's touch is light, but it is sure.

The Fighting Chance. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. (Constable, 6s.)

HAPPILY for his admirers, Mr. Chambers has resisted any temptation to settle down to one line of fiction, and stick to it. No two successive stories from his facile pen present the same kind of interest, and "The Reckoning," "Iole," and "The Fighting Chance," show what a many-sided author can do, and do admirably. This story deals with society in New York, or with that circle of it given up to luxury and pleasure, and two of its popular members provide studies in heredity. There is nothing new in that, nor, indeed, in the book as a whole, but out of the inherited forces that influence Stephen Siward and Sylvia Landis the author has built a strong and fascinating story. The hereditary taint in Siward is drink; in Sylvia's case she frankly admits three generations of broken marriage vows—"where women of my race loved they usually found the way—rather unconventionally": afraid of herself she decides to accept the millionaire Quarrier as a sort of barrier against temptation, and holds to the engagement when she falls in love with Siward. She is too ambitious and selfish to give up her brilliant prospects for love, yet Siward resolves to take the fighting chance to overcome his master-vice and win Sylvia. The problem before the reader is whether, and how, Siward will "win out" against overwhelming odds, and whether Sylvia will find love stronger than Quarrier's millions. In spite of her family history and upbringing she is both innocent and ignorant; the author convinces us of it, and that is a triumph in its way. She analyses her feelings minutely, talks far too much, a common fault with all the feminine characters—the author audibly prompting their outbursts of biting comment, and worldly-wise philosophy. Deeply interesting as it is, "The Fighting Chance" is not without flaws and imperfections. It is over-elaborated, confused, crowded with small details; it is also exciting—there is not a restful scene in the whole four hundred and forty-two pages—but the cleverness, vivacity, and insight into human nature will deservedly secure for it as great a success in England as it already enjoys in America.

The Two Forces. By E. WAY ELKINGTON. (Long, 6s.)

IN this novel Mr. Way Elkington seems to have set himself a serious task—to show that evil and good, the two forces, may go hand in hand. We cannot think, however, that Mr. Elkington meant us to take him seriously, and when he invites us, lightheartedly, to believe that a highwayman who "holds up" a coach by night may be a philanthropist, dreaming his dreams, by day, we expect entertainment. As a highwayman Richard Terrill is beyond reproach—is even fascinating; his daring feats fill us with envious admiration, and we feel sure that, did we know how to disguise a greyhound till all the world would swear it were a collie, our fortune would be made. We follow the dashing robber breathlessly, foiling Red Indians and whites in their well-intentioned efforts to secure (according to taste) his scalp or person, till his two "mates" meet their ends in approved violent fashion. Then our hopes are blighted. We thought we had at last found a descendant of "Captain Starlight," and are disappointed to find he is merely a "millionaire philanthropist." A sturdy Irishman called Murphy, with a rooted objection to work, is the only amusing character in the book: except Mr. Elkington when he begins to explain about those two forces—which, we are afraid, cost him sleepless nights. There is some excellent description of wild mountain scenery, and on p. 111 there is a chasm: "a sheer drop of three thousand feet." We should like to have seen that chasm.

DRAMA

COQUELIN AND MOLIÈRE

THIS week London has been fortunate enough, through the enterprise of M. Gaston Mayer, to have the opportunity of seeing the greatest living actor in some of his greatest parts. M. Coquelin has been appearing at the New Royalty Theatre. M. Coquelin is supreme. Many actors plays certain parts, which have been written to fit their personality or which their personality happens to fit, so that their performance seems to touch perfection by a kind of happy coincidence. The man himself constantly shows in the character he is portraying even as his features peer through his make-up. The art of M. Coquelin, like many great arts, is impersonal. Fully to understand his supremacy it is necessary to see him in two parts so widely different as Jourdain, *le bourgeois gentilhomme*, and Tartufe, *le faux dévot*. In Jourdain Molière shows an amiable fool—a rich middle-class man with a passion for aping the manners of the nobility, a passion which leads him to the heights of absurdity. Save for this weakness M. Jourdain is a good-hearted fellow. He is kept from the meanness of the snob by the childish delight he takes in his own magnificence, by his childish behaviour, and his more than childish simplicity. He is like an overgrown boy with the means and money to enable him to carry out his boy's fancies. You cannot help loving, while you laugh at, this Monsieur Jourdain. That is not the case with Tartufe. Your laughter is hardened by hatred. For Molière is in him exposing hypocrisy, about which he felt as strongly as Milton felt when he called it the blackest sin. Tartufe is that most detestable of scoundrels, the sanctimonious scoundrel. Whereas Molière treats the *bourgeois* in a light-hearted manner, prose-comedy mingled with ballet and farce, he treats Tartufe with all the formal strength of comedy and uses the recognised formal couplet. He leaves nothing unsaid or undone that can make his portrait of the impostor more telling or more hideous.

In representing these characters M. Coquelin has not a free hand. Their portrayal is governed by long-standing tradition. He cannot, as many actors would fain do, manipulate them to suit his own personality. That, even if he desired it, would not be tolerated. The parts exist, made on hard and fast lines, handed down through generations, for him to take or leave. He takes them and triumphs over all difficulties with such perfect ease, his performance is so fresh and so convincing, that it becomes almost impossible not to believe that each part must have been written specially for him, or must at least have been created by him for the first time. One of the most valuable points about the repertory system is that you are able to see an actor in two such parts on two successive nights. There is no better way of gauging his true worth. To see M. Coquelin as Tartufe with the memory of his *bourgeois gentilhomme* vivid in the mind is to obtain what is nothing short of a revelation of the possibilities of the art of acting. It is then possible to feel the full astonishment such genius as that of M. Coquelin should arouse. Moreover, although there is a wide difference between the two characters, the parts have indubitable similarities. Both plays are of the seventeenth century, and contain the same stiffness of construction, the same formality in design. Both characters are in their own way ridiculous: both are types rather than individuals.

But in M. Coquelin's playing of them there was not a movement, not a gesture, hardly an intonation, that was the same: in both his face was clean-shaven, yet the range of his facial expression changed completely, his very features seemed to be different. For he has more control over his mouth than most actors have over their right hands.

In the first two acts of *Le bourgeois gentilhomme* (which are practically played as one) M. Jourdain makes his

famous entrance to the Masters of Music and of Dancing, dressed in the splendid morning-gown, which covers the yellow satin *deshabille*. Delight at his own splendour beamed from him so irresistibly that the whole house was immediately conquered and obliged to share his enjoyment. It is a notable entrance, and all through the act his different demeanour—with the masters of the polite arts, with the ferocious fencing-master, with the austere philosopher: from all of whom he hoped to learn some elements of gentility—was inimitably brought out. He patronised the musician, was terribly afraid of the fencer, was humble to the philosopher, astonished, too, and delighted when that worthy made clear to him the wonderful fact that for forty years he had been talking prose without knowing it. And the patronage, the awe, the humility, the astonishment and delight were each expressed perfectly.

And remembering that most charming of scenes, full as it is of boyish merriment, the great scene in *Tartuffe* where he makes sly love to his benefactor's wife, becomes doubly wonderful. It seemed incredible that the man who was now so insinuatingly lecherous, who with that strange blink of the eyes and solemn mouthing of his words became so exactly Tartuffe and so odious, could be the person who had the night before been the ingenuous *bourgeois*, at whom every one had laughed.

M. Coquelin is incomparable. The company that supported him reached a high level of excellence, as would be expected from a company containing such members as M. Coste, who played Orgon in *Tartuffe*, as M. Monteux, as Mlle. Lynnès, of the Comédie Française. All were accomplished to their finger-tips; every detail of production was carefully studied; nothing was slurred over; hardly a word missed.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

PAINTINGS AND PANSIES

THE sextette of landscape painters who are holding their twelfth annual joint-exhibition at the galleries of the Old Water-Colour Society have a pleasing habit of prefixing to the catalogue of their works some saying about art by a famous artist, some dictum which presumably sets forth the aim of the associated exhibitors. This year they have gone to Jean François Millet, and on the fly-leaf we find:

Every artist ought to have a central thought, *une pensée mère*, which he expresses with all the strength of his soul, and tries to stamp on the hearts of others.

Applying to the exhibits the test which the exhibitors themselves have chosen, we find few works in which the central thought is expressed with sufficient clearness to be easily intelligible. In the case of Mr. A. D. Peppercorn we do find in all his work a salient characteristic, but we hesitate to say whether this should be classified as a central thought or a mannerism. Clearly, Mr. Peppercorn thinks Nature most beautiful in her most sombre moods, her lowest tones, and he expresses his conviction with all the strength which unadulterated black can yield. There is so much vigour in the sweep of Mr. Peppercorn's brush, such skill in his handling of rich pigment, that his rigid convention of colour often mars an otherwise fine performance, and when he extends his range of colour, as in the impressive seascape *The Cliff* (4), with its luminous sky, we receive more than a hint of the heights to which the painter might soar were his sense of colour as keen and true as is his sense of mass. Mr. Peppercorn's landscapes are in the grand style. He views Nature as a whole, each part related, but none so accentuated as to distract attention to itself. In the stricter and older sense of the word he is an impressionist, giving personal renderings of moods of nature and not mere topographical

statements. But he is not a luminist; with truth to Nature's lightning, with the subtle beauties of colour revealed to the searching eye in her lights and in her shadows, he is not concerned. He makes a sort of précis of her chiaroscuro, and simplifies her colouring into a shorthand of his own. These are his limitations; in spite, or because of them, he attains a distinction of style denied to many landscape painters of wider outlook.

Mr. T. Austen Brown has a keener sense of colour, and gilds with sunset hues, reminiscent of the Venetians, his rustic scenes anglicised from Mauve and Millet. His eye for the decorative in composition is effectively displayed in *A Market Cart* (14), picturesquely set in a leafy avenue. The rich colour and creamy surface of this artist's paint endow his works with a quality rarely found in modern pictures, but though these characteristics will of themselves delight the craftsman, his exhibits here are a little disappointing, often lacking other and necessary virtues. Mr. Brown needs to watch his vision rather than his handling, for what doth it profit a painter beautifully to express that which is not beautifully seen?

With paint more liquid than that of Messrs. Brown and Peppercorn, Mr. J. Aumonier delicately chases the fugitive colour of our English downlands. At his best he is unequalled by any living painter in his refined renderings of these typically British landscapes, but with the possible exception of *Evening on the Downs* (16) he is not seen at his best in Pall Mall. Too many of his landscapes are tainted with prettiness, prettiness of vision, prettiness of treatment—and prettiness, philologists say, derives from meretricious trickery. Of the works by the remaining exhibitors, Messrs. R. W. Allan, Leslie Thomson, and James S. Hill, none save the Daubignesque *A Dorsel River* (44) of the second, and the *Hope Cove, Devonshire* (46), of the third, approaching the grave austerity of a Cottet, deserve special mention.

The "central thought" so difficult to find in the Pall Mall landscapes may readily be traced in the fifteen oil paintings shown by Mr. Charles H. Shannon at the Leicester Galleries. A passionate sense of beauty informs the idylls of this true pictorial poet, and if his idea of beauty be largely derived from the School of Giorgione via Watts, he has succeeded in making the idea his own. "Little groups of real men and women, amid congruous furniture or landscape—morsels of actual life, conversation or music or play, refined upon or idealised, till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar." So Pater summarised the pictures of Giorgione, and the description is not altogether inapplicable to those of Mr. C. H. Shannon. There is, however, more direct reference to life in the old master than in the modern, who compensates his occasional excursions into portraiture by harking back to classical legend when opportunity permits. Yet Pater's words may stand when Mr. Shannon is most himself, when he takes the facts of women at their toilet or bathing in a pool or by the seashore, and then refines upon and idealises these glimpses of life till to a generation deserted by the sense of beauty they seem the fancies of a poet's dream. But for all the skill of a sensitive colourist the fancies are most potent in their appeal when they have a substratum of modern fact. At the New Gallery Mr. C. H. Shannon shows a painting, larger than any in Leicester Square but less successful than most there, and its title is *The Golden Age*. Mr. Shannon would recreate in paint a time when women were naked and unashamed, and the sons of the gods walked on earth, and beasts came to man to receive their titles. But we miss the "morsel of actual life" and seem given a glimpse not so much of the golden age of the world as of the golden age of painting, and overwhelmed by a flood of recollection our thoughts leap from the painting before us to the paintings that were before. Mr. Shannon has received a noble inheritance from the Venetians, but he must not live on his capital: he must invest it in his own way in modern life if he would himself increase its interest.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

LEGENDS of St. Edmund abound, and many attempts have been made to extract from them a history of the East Anglian hero and martyr. But hitherto even the legends themselves have not been adequately examined in the spirit of scientific criticism, nor have the data supplied by the chronicles and poets of the Middle Ages been duly collated with the facts of East Anglian history as revealed in early coins, or with the materials afforded by ancient grants and charters, and by dedication of churches and chapels. In the "Corolla Sancti Eadmundi: The Garland of St. Edmund," which Mr. Murray will publish shortly, the information furnished by the chief literary authorities is marshalled with substantial regard to chronological sequence, so as to exhibit the growth of the legend; and an attempt is made to co-ordinate the narrative thus obtained with the indications derived from the sources above-mentioned. In the result Edmund appears to be of genuine English parentage, and nearly connected on one side with Egbert, the last of the Bretwaldas, and thus with the house of Cerdic; on the other side with the kings of Kent, and so, through St. Sexburt, with the ancient royal line of East Anglia. Much that the volume contains is taken from hitherto unpublished manuscripts.

The magnificent sixteenth-century manuscript of the "Hortulus Animae," which is one of the chief treasures of the Imperial Royal Court Library at Vienna, is about to be reproduced in facsimile by Mr. Oosthoek, of Utrecht. All the miniatures (one hundred and nine in number) are being printed in colours and heightened with gold. The work will be issued in eleven parts, to be completed in the course of three years. Messrs. Ellis, of 29 New Bond Street, are the sole agents for the British Isles and Colonies.

Mr. T. S. Osmond has written a volume which Mr. Henry Frowde will publish this month, sketching the history of prosodical criticism in England and America during the last two hundred years. It is entitled "English Metrists of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." The author has endeavoured not merely to enumerate and summarise treatises, but also to trace the gradual development of sounder views about verse-structure. It is claimed that no such report on the progress of metrical science has appeared in any modern European language.

Mr. Francis Gribble's new work, entitled "Madame de Staël and her Lovers," will be published by Mr. Nash next week. The book deals chiefly with the relations which subsisted for many years between Necker's distinguished daughter and Benjamin Constant, the novelist, pamphleteer, and statesman who led the Liberal Opposition in France in the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The episode is one of great interest, though Madame de Staël's previous biographers have passed over it lightly. The intimacy of the lovers was notorious to their contemporaries; and Barras, in his memoirs, even goes so far as to say, *totidem verbis*, that Benjamin Constant was the father of Albertine de Staël. Benjamin Constant's correspondence, which has lately been made available to biographical students, shows clearly that Benjamin Constant was of the same opinion. The story of this memorable love-affair is now fully told for the first time.

Messrs. Methuen will publish shortly a new novel by Mr. Jack London, entitled "White Fang." In it Mr. London shows us the taming of a wolf, from the time when he first hovers round a dog-sledge, through the long months of his gradual adoption of the ways and habits of man-animals.

Mr. George Allen will have ready for publication by the end of February a new volume of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck, entitled "Life and Flowers," translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. The book will be uniform with the previous works of M. Maeterlinck issued by the same publisher.

A new book by Dr. Max Nordau entitled "On Art and Artists" will be published on February 4 by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. In it the author gives a comprehensive and unconventional view of the development of modern art as represented by some of the best known painters and sculptors—Whistler, Frank Brangwyn, Rodin, Puvis de Chavannes, Meunier, Bartholomé, Gustave Moreau, Carrière, Zorn, Zuloaga, Bouguereau, and many others.

Messrs. Methuen announce a uniform edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. It will be limited to a thousand copies on handmade paper, and fifty copies on Japanese vellum. The books are reprinted from the latest editions issued under the superintendence of the author, and in many cases will contain his last corrections.

Among Messrs. Alston Rivers's forthcoming novels are "Exton Moor," by Archibald Marshall, "Privy Seal," by Ford Madox Hueffer, "Kit's Woman," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis,

and "Arminel of the West," by the author of "A Pixy in Petticoats."

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish early this month a novel by the author of "Hazel of Hazeldean," entitled "The House of Rest." The scene of the greater part of the story is laid in the lake district, and it deals with the attempt of a girl who has suddenly become possessed of considerable means to use her wealth for the benefit of those requiring care and rest before resuming their ordinary vocations in life.

Early this month Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will add to the New Knowledge Series "The Nature and Origin of Life," by Felix le Dantec, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences at the Sorbonne. Professor le Dantec treats of the principles of the continuity in living and dead matter, the dangers of too hasty analysis, the various conditions in which a living body may exist from a chemical point of view, artificial and real functions defined in life, natural selection, equilibrium and order, the phenomena of life compared with the phenomena of non-living matter, the cell in its movements, heredity, appearance of life, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE

SHAKESPEARE AND ARISTOPHANES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hoped that some recognised Shakespearean scholar would have shown in your last issue the superfluity and unreasonableness of your correspondent's letter under the above heading (ACADEMY, January 19).

Mr. N. W. Hill, of Philadelphia, compares extracts from the two poets to record triumphantly a discovery he has purported to make, in his own words, "to convince all but the most prejudiced that here, at any rate, there is something very like plagiarism on the part of the English dramatist."

It is true that Pope, Theobald, Dr. Johnson, Dyce, Dowden and the other early contemporary commentators, whom he mentions, have missed this discovery. To Porson, indeed, he allows the honour of comparing passages relating to animal-shaped clouds from Aristophanes, Cicero, Swift, *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *Hamlet*. But even Porson—poor, dull, dry-as-dust, yet groping and inquiring Porson—failed to perceive that the passage in *Hamlet* was a plagiarism; failed to perceive that it was, in itself, convincing evidence that Shakespeare went to the Greek dramatists for inspiration. How damning!

Now the answer to Mr. Hill is simple and conclusive. I will put it in the form of two questions: (1) Could Dr. Hill name any grown-up man of his acquaintance (sane, or even partially sane) who has not in his childhood looked up hundreds of times into the sky and audibly noted the shapes of animals there? (2) The comparison of clouds to animals being an ever-recurring occupation of millions of people in all ages, how can the mere fact that *Hamlet* pointed out such comparison out to Polonius be proof that Shakespeare knew and borrowed from the Greek authors because Aristophanes also once compared clouds to animals?

And the fact that the ideas set forth by Aristophanes and Shakespeare are essentially different has escaped Mr. Hill—surely an unpardonable oversight in so acute a critic. In the one the idea given is of the ever-changing shapes of clouds. But in the other *Hamlet* chose a particular cloud (as he might have chosen a neighbouring hill), and whilst it retained its shape, he calls it first a camel, then a weasel, and then a whale, to ascertain if Polonius would fool him to the top of his bent.

The words I have first quoted are irritating. Like all Englishmen I am jealous of the reputation of our great dramatist—the glory and wonder of mankind—and such a phrase as that of Mr. Hill's should not be received unless supported by acceptable evidence. We were rendered uneasy by the Americans who "discovered" the cryptogram. But we now find that the Baconians themselves have abandoned it as evidence against Shakespeare, relying upon new proofs, which will no doubt also be given up in their turn as more plausible arguments are thought of.

At any rate, I would urge that all lovers of Shakespeare should submit to very close scrutiny every statement designed, even so slightly as this one of Mr. Hill's, to belittle him. Otherwise this kind of criticism may, even from its mere volume, gradually sap that love and reverence which so many of us still cherish very closely.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

January 30.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Thistleton says that he "inferred" from my letter on this subject that I was "of opinion that in the original of the play which is to be found in the First Folio, it was split up into the extraordinary number of scenes tabulated by him" [i.e., by me]. I made no such inference, as I had a facsimile of the First Folio before me at the time of writing, and there I noticed the play was not divided into two acts and scenes. Am I correct in inferring from Mr. Thistleton's letter that in his opinion the "split" was performed for the first time in the "Globe" edition of Shakespeare?

As Horace says—*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*. So there were many editions published before the "Globe" with the acts and scenes laid down for stage purposes. Nicholas Rowe, in his edition of 1714, was the first to divide and number acts and scenes of the various plays "on rational principles," and to mark the entrances and exits of the characters. He was shortly afterwards followed by Pope and Theobald, who adhered closely to Rowe in the "splits," the latter also making numerous "emendations" in *Antony and Cleopatra*, one of them singularly ingenious. In the Folio we find Cleopatra speaking of Antony in the following terms:

"For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't; an *Anthony* it was
That grew the more by reaping."

Theobald knew better than the Editors of the Folio, and altered the words italicised into "an Autumn 'twas," thus transforming rank nonsense into plain common sense.

Rowe's division has, with few variations, been accepted ever since—by Hammer, Warburton, Johnson, Capell, Steevens, Malone, Reed, Dyce, Knight, Staunton, Delius, Halliwell-Phillipps, Cowden Clarke, Furnivall, and Aldis and Wright in the Cambridge edition, the best edition of the complete works as yet published, although for editions of a number of the separate plays nothing can approach the volumes of the Variorum edition, the work of an American commentator, Mr. Harold Howard Furness.

In regard to the splitting up of the plays into acts and scenes, the unanimity of the editors is wonderful, although on other points they go for each other like full-blown Bengal tigers. Witness Theobald and Pope, for example.

With Mr. Thistleton I might enjoy a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*, as originally written (5 acts, 42 scenes), by the Elizabethan Stage Players; but I am afraid it will prove a very "dreich" production, and a few of the audience who witnessed the commencement of the play may not be seen in their seats at its conclusion.

But, as Mr. Tree says, the version we have of *Antony and Cleopatra* was probably only a "first draft." The Quartos, in many cases, may be considered first drafts, and marvellous improvements were made on them—especially on the historical plays—in the First Folio. There was no Quarto of *Antony and Cleopatra*, so Mr. Tree is probably correct in his assumption. It is a pity, however, that the author did not see his way to issue a revised version of this strangely-constructed drama, as he did with *Hamlet* between the Quartos of 1603 and 1604 and the Folio of 1623. We might then have had an equally excellent play fit for stage representation without being submitted to the tender mercies of the scalpel of modern acting-managers.

It is of interest to note that the title of the play in the First Folio is *The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra*, although the heading of the pages runs *The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra*. Who is responsible for the modern transformation into *Antony*?

GEORGE STRONACH.

January 26.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret to have read my ACADEMY rather late this week so that this protest may be out of date. Is not the Editorial summary of the matter a little too sweeping?

"We enclose a complete list of branches. The ones that have been underlined are the only ones which do not open daily."

I submit that "one" can be not only a numerical adjective but also a relative pronoun. As a pronoun it is capable of having a plural; and "ones" is as true a plural form of "one" as "them" is of "it." In the sentences quoted, "ones" is a pronoun to avoid repetition of the noun "branches." The use is not merely colloquial but perfectly sound and grammatical. But there are faults of syntax in the passage given. "Ones" being a pronoun for "branches"

certainly has not been underlined; the names of the branches may have been. This fault in construction is of frequent occurrence, and betrays the primitive human difficulty in deciding between the thing and its symbol.

"We enclose a complete list of branches. The names underlined are those of the only ones which do not open daily." This is clearly what the notice was intended to say.

S. CUNNINGTON.

January 26.

A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTINGS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Gallichan's letter of January 21, 1907, I beg leave to remark that, as the authoress of "A Record of Spanish Painting" promised not to reproduce in her book the information which I had given her, and which I believe her to have noted accurately, without sending me a proof of that addition to it, but failed to do so, I had some right to be vexed, for her own sake, as well as my own, at the inaccuracies which her published notes contain. She took my address at Oxford at the same time, as indeed appears in her book. At the beginning of it, moreover, she announces that accuracy had been her aim in writing it. The difference between "translator" and "author of a translation" may be apparent to Mr. Gallichan, but not to me, in spite of the "ability" with which he credits me! The inaccuracy shown in writing "San Teruel" instead of Teruel has not caused me "a bitter sense of injury" for three years: because I first saw the book last December, when I had again met Mr. and Mrs. Gallichan, in the British Museum. I disclaim equally the "great authority upon all Spanish antiquarian subjects," which is so flatteringly attributed to me. There are other inaccuracies in the book, which ought to disappear, if a new edition of it should be published. Such a wish is surely a proof of friendliness.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

LAFCADIO HEARN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Am I right in saying that the last sentence of the finely felt and well written article, headed Lafcadio Hearn, in your present issue (January 26), is clogged nonsense! Are "the places in which most men are born" very much inferior in point of blueness and proximity to the world than the sky, etc.?!! The analysis of the sentence seems to bear out this construction.

GEORGE SMITH.

January 27.

[We do not think that our correspondent is right.—ED.]

"STREW ON HER ROSES, ROSES"

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—I should be so much obliged if some one would kindly tell me through the medium of your Correspondence column, in what paper, periodical or Anthology of verse published lately—the poem by Arnold quoted this week in your article "Select Epigrams," and beginning "Strew on her roses, roses," was printed; or, failing that, in what book it is to be found.

A. LA T.

January 23.

[The title of the poem is, of course, "Requiescat." Our correspondent will find it in the shilling editions of the Poems of Matthew Arnold issued by Mr. Henry Frowde in the World's Classics and by Messrs. Routledge in the Muses' Library.—ED.]

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space in your paper to correct an error in my book, "Recollections of a Lucknow Veteran;" and which was pointed out to me in your review of the work, viz., That the Flag was hoisted on the Mess House by Captain Wolseley, whereas it should have been "By Lieutenant Roberts," now F.-M. Lord Roberts. I know that the impression we all had at the time, was that the former officer hoisted the Flag, and at the time of writing I suppose that impression was running in my mind and led me to make the mistake.

J. RUGGLES,
Major-General.

FROM THE FOURPENNY BOX

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among the joys of *la chasse au bouquin* not the least may be counted that of dreaming, over a pipe and the latest *trouvaille*, of the erstwhile owner of the new-found treasure. A day to be marked with a white stone was that on which I picked up a pocket volume of Béranger bearing the autograph of Shirley Brooks. These thoughts are stirred anew within me by seeing the name "Miss Susannah Brown" traced in the delicate Italian hand of the period on the fly-leaf of a waif which I lately rescued from the limbo of the Fourpenny Box—a slim duodecimo of some eighty odd pages, entitled "The Basia of Johannes Secundus Nicolaus: and the Pancharis of Johannes Bonnefons. Newly translated from the original Text. (London: 1824)"—surely not one of the volumes that one would expect to find on every lady's book-shelf. The date 1824 makes it possible that the fair Susannah may have been educated under the Semiramis of Hammer-smith herself at the selfsame Academy for Young Ladies where Becky Sharp was so unwillingly first pupil then teacher. The reading of the latter included, we know, "The works of the learned Dr. Smollett, of the ingenious Mr. Henry Fielding, of the graceful and fantastic Monsieur Crébillon the younger, and of the universal Monsieur de Voltaire": no unworthy company for the glowing imagery and luscious conceits of the "Basia" and the "Pancharis." Perchance 'twas a birthday gift from some undiscerning friend, to whom a book was just a book, and to whose understanding the luxuriant tropes and metaphors of Secundus and Bonnefons were as so much Hebrew. Peace to your ashes, Susannah Brown!

H. L. N.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. E. A. Fisher's crisp letter in the ACADEMY of January 19 very forcibly expresses the ordinary and familiar objections to the improvement of spelling.

Although as the Simplified Spelling Board has afresh pointed out there is a gradual and scarcely perceptible improvement in spelling always taking place, yet it is so infinitesimal that the mass of spelling at an epoch can be claimed to be fixed and free from confusing variableness. But supposing it were conceivable that the reform could be discussed and elaborated to a point when there was a practical unanimity amongst all printing offices, authors, and dictionary makers and a determination that this final and unimprovable innovation was to be legally and in every other conceivable authoritative way adopted on a given day, yet even then it would be inevitable that a very large amount of diversity or anarchy would for a time prevail. Amongst the dignitaries themselves there would be many and perpetual backslidings, while amongst the population at large there would most probably be many cases of reactionary and obstructive clinging to the good old fashions of the past. It must be admitted that reform would necessitate disturbance.

Your correspondent writes as though he could sympathise with any scheme which could secure general acceptance, though he may imply that as this sort of Babel is inseparable from reform it is therefore impossible and undesirable.

But alas the alternatives allowed by Mr. E. A. Fisher are not to be had for wishing or decreeing them.

Spelling Reform by edict is out of the question. A large and rapid movement could doubtless be inaugurated by agreement amongst a majority of literary men, teachers and statesmen. But the laws of evolution would persist. Nature may be accelerated by art but it cannot be suppressed. In the realm of spelling there are multitudes of questions which can only be solved by trial and elimination. If variety be intolerable and uniformity indispensable then no reform can ever take place. Systems must compete; but before this can take place there must be a general recognition of the fact that future generations have a right to demand from the teachers of to-day a declaration of truth and not a perpetually recurring infliction of old falsehood upon each fresh schoolful of children. This, however, will not involve Babel nor division. The language is the speech not its feeble representation on paper. The more faithfully it can be recorded the better for ultimate unity. Phonograph records tend to promote closer assimilation of pronunciation and so would phonetic spelling. The standard dialect is not indigenous anywhere. It is an average and compromise like one of Galton's Composite Photographs. Its territorial expansion is promoted by admitting of the most perfect interaction of all dialects, and this involves allowing and encouraging all speakers to get as near their own pronunciation as ever the art of writing and spelling will allow them.

Simplifications merely irritate adults and do not benefit the children. What is wanted is phonetic teaching as nearly perfect as can be obtained but untrammelled by the paralysing and sterilising demand for absolute unanimity and uniformity. It cannot be obtained any more than any other good thing without a bit of trouble.

When there is still such an approximation to even an incongruous and confused phonetic idea as English spelling actually presents it is not safe to hold that the written word is a symbol of thought independent of the sound. The mind does not reason with written words. It thinks by suppressed utterance, and will be helped rather than hindered when spelling is more completely logical and reasonable.

GREEVZ FYSHER.

January 29.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you or any of your readers be so kind as to inform me who coined the phrase "personal equation," whether it is good English, and, if not, what synonym may take its place? It is certainly a useful expression, but I do not feel sure about its social status so to say.

A WRITER.

A TARDY NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I see by the papers that a "National Anti-Lending League" has just been formed. This league, as a contemporary very rightly remarks, is "much-needed." So disastrous have my own experiences been with money-lending, and so miserable has my life been rendered by money-borrowers—these veritable pests of society—that on January 1, 1905, I made the following solemn vow: "I, Algernon Ashton, hereby declare, once and for all, solemnly and on oath, that I shall henceforth never again lend anybody, male or female, any more money, and nothing in the world will induce me to break this resolution." Since then I have already saved close upon £100 by refusing to lend people money! I have come to the conclusion that money-lending is almost, perhaps quite, as reprehensible a practice as money-borrowing, for if there were no money-lenders, there would be no money-borrowers, and one of the most hideous curses in existence would be stamped out. It is devoutly to be hoped that the newly-formed "National Anti-Lending League" will succeed in accomplishing great things, though there is no need for me to join it, in consequence of my having already made that vow which I have quoted.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART

Cust, Lionel. *Van Dyck*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 152. Bell, 5s. net.
[In the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" series. A condensed version of Mr. Cust's larger work on the Life and Works of Van Dyck, published in 1900.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Lady Nugent's Journal. Jamaica One Hundred Years Ago. Edited by Frank Cundall. With illustrations and maps. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 404. Published for the Institute of Jamaica by Black, 5s. net.
["Reprinted from a journal kept by Maria, Lady Nugent, from 1801 to 1815, issued for private circulation in 1839."]

FICTION

Miller, Esther. *Living Lies*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 372. Methuen, 6s.
Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. *The Kinsman*. With 8 illustrations by C. E. Brock. 7½ × 5. Pp. 323. Methuen, 6s.
Graham, Winifred. *World Without End*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 311. Alston Rivers, 6s.
Maxwell, H. *In Slippery Places*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Digby, Long, 6s.
Swan, Edgar. *A Fair Widow*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 316. Digby, Long, 6s.
Chambers, Robert W. *The Fighting Chance*. Illustrated by Fred Pegram. 7½ × 5. Pp. 442. Constable, 6s. (See p. 121.)
Norris, W. E. *Harry and Ursula*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 309. Methuen, 6s.
["A story with two sides to it." See p. 120.]

- Marriott Watson, H. B. *A Midsummer Day's Dream*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 326. Methuen, 6s.
- Bennett, Arnold. *The Ghost*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 302. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.
[“A fantasia on modern themes.”]
- Underhill, Evelyn. *The Lost World*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 316. Heinemann, 6s.
- Grant, Sadi. *The Second Evil*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Long, 6s.
- Praed, Mrs. Campbell. *The Luck of the Leiria*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Long, 6s.
- Langfield, John. *A Lighthearted Rebellion*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 316. Long, 6s.
- Wyndham, Horace. *The Flare of the Footlights*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 328. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *The Disappearance of the Duke*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 319. White, 6s.
- de la Pasture, Mrs. Henry. *The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 386. Murray, 6s.
- Wales, Hubert. *The Yake*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 316. Long, 6s.
- Paternoster, G. Sidney. *The Folly of the Wise*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Goron, F. *The World of Crime*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 327. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
[“True detective stories.” M. Goron was Chief of the Paris Detective Police. See column 2.]
- Bepham, W. Gurney. *Cassell's Book of Quotations, Proverbs and Household Words*. With full verbal index. 8½ × 6. Pp. 1256. Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.
[“A collection of sayings from British and American authors, with many thousands of proverbs, familiar phrases and sayings, from all sources, including Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and other languages.”]
- Meakin, Walter. *The Life of an Empire*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 335. Unwin, 6s. net.
[Deals with the social and other problems of the British Empire.]
- Hershey, Amos S. *The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 394. The Macmillan Co., \$3.00.
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Poems by George Crabbe. Edited by Adolphus William Ward. Vol. iii. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xx, 568. Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.]

[In the “Cambridge English Classics.” Miscellaneous poems. List of variants and bibliography. See p. 118.]

THE BOOKSHELF

The Music of To-morrow and other Studies, by Laurence Gilman (Lane, 4s. 6d.).—In this volume of eight essays Mr. Laurence Gilman exercises, often very happily, his art of discoursing upon the themes of others. He has an inveterate habit of quotation; page after page is bestrewn with inverted commas. This is sometimes annoying to the reader, especially in the first paper, which gives its title to the book. It is difficult to find out what are the author's notions of music's immediate future because of the number of quotations, save that one gains some idea that they are summed up by the music of Claude Debussy. This is made clearer in the second essay, devoted to that composer's work. In “A Discussion with Vincent D'Indy” Mr. Laurence Gilman holds a brief for the theory which would make the chromatic scale rather than the diatonic the basis of modern music; here he does not consider apparently what an important means of contrast is lost by the process, that of transition from key to key. There is no contrast of tonality in music which “moderates at every beat.” In an essay on modern music Mr. Ernest Newman's criticism of Strauss is his text, and in it he develops the idea that love-music is becoming less a dominant feature of art. He says that songs are not generally now “the most representative expression of their composer's art,” but he cites Grieg as an exception. It is noticeable that he leaves Max Reger entirely out of count. Mr. Gilman next hits out vigorously at Strauss's “Salome,” and it is evident that he, like most critics who delight to think themselves “modern,” had already passed from Strauss to “fresh woods and pastures new.” The most suggestive essay is that on “A neglected page of Wagner's,” in which a comparison of the Paris version of the first act of *Tannhäuser* with the original is made. Here we only regret the superficial nature of the work. We would willingly have this interesting subject treated in some detail, and could have dispensed with the unimportant essays on “The Place of Liszt” and “Some Maeterlinck Music” for that purpose. The general impression left by this book is that on the whole the title has been well chosen. Mr. Laurence Gilman gives expression to some interesting ideas about music held by himself in common with enthusiastic modern thinkers, but he deals with phases of art which are peculiarly transient; here to-morrow, they may be gone the next day and leave but small influence upon the general course of musical development.

The World of Crime. By F. Goron [late Chief of the Paris Detective Police]. Edited by Albert Keyzer. (Hurst and Blackett, 3s. 6d.).—Perhaps these real detective stories are not as rounded or as complete as the manufactured ones. M. Goron says on one occasion that if only he had been a detective of fiction he could have told by glancing at a man's left boot his age, the name of his dog, and how much money he had at his banker's. As, however, he was merely the Chief of the Paris Detective Police miracles were not possible. But it will seem to most people who read these stories of crime that M. Goron's feats of ingenuity, pluck and observation were as wonderful as any ever imagined and his adventures as exciting and terrible. He seems to have shown extraordinary acumen in cases where an innocent man was placed in circumstances of grave suspicion: while he had the scent of a sleuth-hound for criminals posing as respectable members of society. When their respectability cloaks their present crimes the reader enjoys the chase, but when their past convicts and destroys them, as in the case of Charles Vernet, it is not so easy to take the great detective's point of view. We can well believe M. Goron when he assures us that the post of Chief of the Paris Detective Police is not a bed of roses.

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